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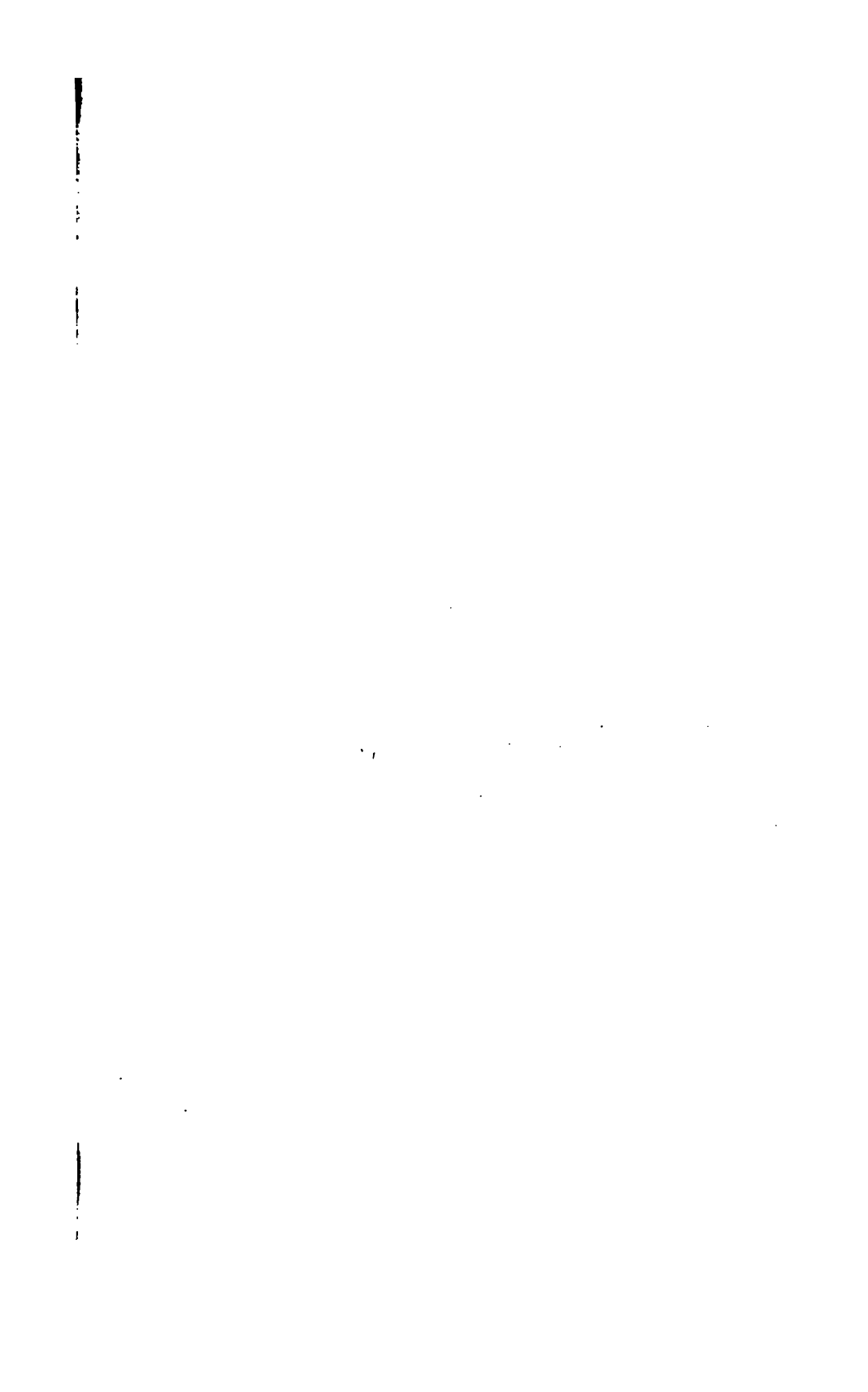


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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act V. Scene II.

Dramatic Works
OF
SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION

Illustrated with *Etchings*

VOLUME *SECOND*

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. SECOND.

Etched by M. Monziès, from the original Designs of M. Pille.

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Of this issue of the Works of William Shakespeare there
have been printed FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES,
of which this is

No. 293.



Loves Labour's lost.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longavill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.



Et *Fame*, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death :
When spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th'endeavour of this present breath may buy :
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make us heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore brave Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longavill*,
Have sworne for three yeeres terme, to live with me :
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names :
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch heerein :
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longavill. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast :

The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have leane pates : and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane. My loving Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes upon the grosse worlds baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, deare Liege, I have already sworne,
That is, to live and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict observances :
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode :
And but one meale on every day beside :
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day :
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know ?

Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from common sense.

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Berow. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know :
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.
Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare upon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke :
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes :
Small have continuall plodders ever wonne,
Save base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed Starre,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame :
And every Godfather can give a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geese are a breeding.

Dum. How followes that ?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Berowne* is like an envious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes :

But like of each thing that in season growes.

So you to studie now it is too late,

That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.

Fer. Well, fit you out : go home *Berowne* : adue.

Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarisme spoke more,

Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,

Yet confident Ile keepe what I have sworne,

And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.

Give me the paper, let me reade the same,

And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my
Court

Hath this bin proclaimed ?

Lon. Foure dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's see the penaltie.

On paine of loosing her tongue.

Who devis'd this penaltie ?

Lon. Marry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why ?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.

Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman within the
tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such publique shame as the
rest of the Court shall possibly devise.

Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate majestie,
About surrender up of *Aquitaine*.
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th'admired Princessse hither.

Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie evermore is overshot,
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necessitie.

Ber. Necessity will make us all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For every man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me.
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me:
But I beleeve although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined travailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine :
One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth ravish like enchanting harmonie :
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* high,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight.
From tawnie *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest I love to heare him lie,
And I will use him for my Minstrelsie.

Bero. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person.

Ber. This fellow, What would'st ?

Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces
Tharborough : But I would see his own person in flesh and
blood.

Ber. This is he.

Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you :
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Ber. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high
words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us patience.

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to clime in the merrinesse.

Clo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following sir all those three. I was scene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber. For the following sir.

Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

Ferdinand.

Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navar, my soules earths God, and bodies fostring patrone:

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy healtib-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the sixt houre, When beasts most

graze, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt upon, it is yclipsed, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden: There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Mimow of thy myrth, (Clown Mee?) that unletered small knowing soule, (Clow Me?) that shallow vassall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (Clow. O me) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edið and Continent, Cannon: Which with, o with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my ever esteemed dutie prickes me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

Antb. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keeper her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clew. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clo. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin.

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not serve your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serve my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.

My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliver'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will prove an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and untill then sit downe sorrow.

Exit.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender *Jwenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Juvenall*? Why tender *Juvenall*?

Brag. I spoke it tender *Juvenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heat'st my blood.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I love not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses love not him.

Br. I have promis'd to study iij. yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To prove you Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in love: and as it is base for a Souldier to love; so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new devis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in love?

Boy. *Hercules Master.*

Brag. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson Master*, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong joynted *Sampson*; I doe excell thee in my rapier as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampsons* love my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I have read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag. My Love is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet invocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetically.

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,

Her faults will nere be knowne :

For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,

And feares by pale white showne :

Then if she feare, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which native she doth owe :

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger ?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now tis not to be found : or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe love that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard* : she deserves well.

Boy. To bee whip'd : and yet a better love then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in love.

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke : for this Damsell, I must keepe

her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing : Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Mai. Lord how wise you are !

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face ?

Brag. I love thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Jaquenetta*, away.

Exeunt.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him up.

Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Closw. Let mee not bee pent up sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Closw. Well, if ever I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I have seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see ?

Closw. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing : I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Exit.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth

tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Divell. There is no evill Angell but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serve my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in love; yea hee loveth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Navarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starve the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Queen. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:

Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmens tongues :
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wiling to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Navar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court :
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best moving faire soliciter :
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse craving quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I goe.

Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so :
Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vow-fellowes
with this vertuous Duke ?

Lor. *Longavill* is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene *L. Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Jaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longavill*,
A man of soveraigne parts he is esteem'd :
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes :
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will :
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so ?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest ?

2. *Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill :
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alonsoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rossa. Another of these students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth
I never spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-moving jest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged cares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite ravished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in love ?
That every one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord ?

Boyet. Navar had notice of your faire approach,
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came : Marrie thus much I have learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath :
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter Navar, Longavill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes Navar.

Nav. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of Navar.

Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I have not
yet : the rooffe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome
to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nav. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nav. Heare me deare Lady, I have sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nav. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nav. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping :

'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,

And sinne to breake it :

But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,

To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,

And sodainly resolve me in my suite.

Nav. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.

Rosa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Rosa. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Rosa. Faire fall the face it covers.

Ber. And send you many lovers.

Rosa. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disburs'd by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that summe; yet there remaines unpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to us,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendship with his Majestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To have his tittle live in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.

Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confesse receyt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

Kin. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld up *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.

Kin. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld unto:
Meane time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But heere without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.

Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee, in every place.

Exit.

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart,

La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La. Ro. My Phisicke saies I.

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. No *pynt*, with my knife.

Boy. Now God save thy life.

La. Ro. And yours from long living.

Boy. I cannot stay thanks-giving.

Exi

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe,

To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I have heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,

Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Lon

Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. *Katherine* my good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie :
And wherefore not Ships ?

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) unlesse we feed on your lips.

La. You Sheep & I pasture : shall that finish the jest ?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though severall they be.

Bo. Belonging to whom ?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling but gentles agree.
This civill warre of wits were much better used
On *Navar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Bo. If my observation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navar* is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Bo. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Bo. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire :
Me thought all his sences were lock't in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy.
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were glast,

Did point out to buy them along as you past.
 His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.
 Ile give you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
 And you give him for my sake, but one loving Kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is disposed.

Bro. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclos'd.
 I onelie have made a mouth of his eie,
 By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and speakest skillfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupid's* Grandfather, and learnes news of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. 1. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take this Key,
 give enlargement to the swaine, bring him festinatly hither: I
 must imploy him in a letter to my Love.

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to Jigge off a tune at the
 tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning

up your eie : sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throate : if you swallowed love with singing, love sometime through : nose as if you snuft up love by smelling love with your hat penthouse-like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away : these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note : do you note men that most are affected to these ?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

Boy. By my penne of observation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra. Cal'st thou my love Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and your Love perhaps, a Hacknie :

But have you forgot your Love ?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master : all those three I will prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove ?

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the instant : by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her : and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a letter.

Boy. A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse.

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou ?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse upon the Horse for he is verie slow gated : but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heavie, dull, and slow ?

Boy. *Minnime* honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne ?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he :
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A most acute Juvenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy favour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour gives thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenvoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenvoy*, no salve, in thee male sir.
Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan : no *lenvoy*, no *lenvoy*, no Salve sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heaving of my lunges provokes me to rediculous smyling : O pardon me my stars, doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for *lenvoy*, and the word *lenvoy* for a *salve* ?

Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenvoy* a *salve* ?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenvoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,

Were still at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Goose: would you desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargain, a Goose, that's flat, Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat. To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose: Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin. Then cal'd you for the *Lenvoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan: Thus came your argument in: Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the Goose that you bought, And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*, I will speake that *Lenvoy*.

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenvoy*, some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Jaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I.

Signeur Costard adew.

Exit.

Clow. My sweete 'ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie Jew :
Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings :
Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle ? i. d.
no, Ile give you a remuneration : Why ? It carries it remuneration :
Why ? It is a Fairer name then a French-Crowne. I
will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man
buy for a remuneration ?

Ber. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slave, I must employ thee :

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave.

Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you have it done sir ?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will doe it sir : Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I shall know sir, when I have done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clow. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone.

Harke slave, it is but this :

The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie :

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her :

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon : goe.

Clo. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration, a levenpence-farthing better : most sweete gardon. I will doe it sir in print : gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forsooth in love,
I that have beene loves whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh : A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior *Junior* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soveraigne of sighes and groanes :
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents :
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I love, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing : ever out of frame,
And never going a right, being a Watch :
Bat being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be perjurde, which is worst of all :
And among three, to love the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heaven, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde,
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to : it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must love my Lady, and some Jone.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spur'd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe uprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde :
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.

Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no,
O short liv'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, never paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true :
Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giving hand, though foule, shall have faire praise.
But come, the Bow : Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill :
Thus will I save my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't :
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes :

Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curst wives hold that selfe-soveraigntie
Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that have no
heads.

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.

And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clo. I have a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Rosaline*.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer.

Boyet, you can carve,
Breake up this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give care.

Boyet reads.

BY heaven, that thou art faire, is most infallible : true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art lovely : more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe : have comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Copbetua* set eie upon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon* : and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici* : Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar ; *videliset*, He came, See, and overcame : hee came one ; see, two ; overcame three : Who came ? the King. Why did he come ? to see. Why did he see ? to overcome. To whom came he ? to the Begger. What saw he ? the Begger. Who overcame he ? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie : On whose side ? the King : the captive is inricht : On whose side ? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall : on whose side ? the Kings : no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command thy love ? I may. Shall I enforce thy love ? I could. Shall I entreate thy love ? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes : for tittles titles, for thy selfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy everie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,
Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray :
Submissive fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.

But if thou strive (poore soule) what art thou then ?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter ?
What veine ? What Wethercocke ? Did you ever heare better ?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou give it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clow. From my Lord *Browne*, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put up this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not neare.
Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and shee strikes at
the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:
Have I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a
man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching
the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that was a
woman when Queene *Guinover* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as
touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot :
And I cannot, another can.

Exit.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marveilous well shot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies my
Lady.

Let the mark have a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeeде a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the upshoot by cleaving the is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to
boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing : good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe.

O my troth most sweete jests, most inconie vulgar wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armador ath to the side, O a most dainty man.

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will sweare :

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heavens, it is most pathetical nit.

Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt.

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reverent sport truely, and done in the testimony of a
good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as
a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the eare of *Celo*
the skie ; the welken the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab on
the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truly M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall, onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in us more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or a foole; So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole. But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that love not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Disisima* goodman *Dull*, *disisima* goodman *Dull*.

Dul. What is *disisima*?

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was no more, And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-score, Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is never but a month old: and I say beside that, twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

*The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell jumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a booting.
If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an bundred make
By adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, objects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishion-

ers, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. *Me hercle*, If their Sonnes be ingennous, they shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapiis qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow M. *Person.*

Nath. Master *Person*, *quasi Person*? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Glo. Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogshead.

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Jaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was given mee by *Costard*, and sent mee from *Don Armado*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traveler doth of *Venice*, *venchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who understandeth thee not, *ut re sol la mi fa*: Under pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege domine*. If Love make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to love? Ah never faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed. Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull prove. Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed. Studie his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes, Where all those pleasures live, that Art would comprehend. If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire ;
Thy eye *Joves* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder,
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,
That sings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent.
Let me supervise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy,
facility, & golden cadence of poesie *carct* : *Oviddus Naso* was
the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the
odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerkes of invention imitarie is
nothing : so doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the
tyred Horse his rider : But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed
to you?

Jaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange
Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the superscript.
To the snow-white band of the most beauntious Lady Rosaline. I
will looke againe on the intellectu of the Letter, for the nomina-
tion of the partie written to the person written unto.

Your Ladisbips in all desired employment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with
the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the
stranger Queenes : which accidentally, or by the way of pro-
gression, had miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliver this
Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much : stay
not thy complement, I forgive thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me :
Sir God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee my girle.

Exit.

Hol. Sir you have done this in the feare of God very religi-
ously : and as a certaine Father saith.

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable
colours. But to returne to the Verses. Did they please you sir
Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, undertake your *bien vonuto*, where I will prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to : for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do invite you too, you shall not say me nay : *pauca verba*.
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Beroone with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles ; defile, a foule word : Well, set thee downe sorrow ; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole : Well proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe : Well proved againe a my side. I will not love ; if I do hang me : yfaith I will not. O but her eye : by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heaven I doe love, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie : and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it : sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to grone.

He stands aside. The King entreth.

Kin. Ay mee !

Ber. Shot by heaven : proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumprt him with thy Birdbolt under the left pap : in faith secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne gives not,
 To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose,
 As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayes have smot,
 The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
 Nor shines the silver Moone one halfe so bright,
 Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
 As doth thy face through teares of mine give light :
 Thou shin'st in every teare that I doe weepe,
 No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee :
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
 Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my griefe will show :
 But doe not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
 My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
 O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
 No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
 How shall she know my griefs? Ile drop the paper.
 Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longaville. The King steps aside.

What *Longavill*, and reading : listen eare.

Ber. Now in thy likeness, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

Long. In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
 Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
 The shape of Loves Tiburne, that hangs up simplicitie.

Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to move.
 O sweet *Maria*, Emperesse of my Love,
 These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hose,
 Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This same shall goe. *He reads the Sonnet.*

*Did not the heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot bold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false perjurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddesses, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not so wise
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?*

Ber. This is the liver veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A greene Goose, a Goddesses, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heavens I have my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine *Kate*,

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haïres for soule hath amber coted.

Ber. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Lon. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembered be.

Ber. A Fever in your bloud why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Love can varry Wit.

Dumane reads his Sonnet.

*On a day, alack the day:
Love, whose Month is every May,
Spied a blossome passing faire
Playing in the wanton ayre.
Through the Velvet, leaves the winde,
All unseene, can passage finde,
That the Lover sick to death,
Wish himselfe the heavens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth unmeete,
Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.
Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Jove would sweare,
Juno but an Æthiop were,
And denie himselfe for Jove.
Turning mortall for thy Love.*

This will I send, and something else more plaine,
That shall expresse my true-loves fasting paine.

O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longavill*,
Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note :
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Lon. Dumaine, thy Love is farre from charitie,
That in Loves grieve desir'st societie :
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

Kin. Come sir, you blush : as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not love *Maria* ? *Longavile*,
Did never Sonnet for her sake compile ;
Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart
His loving bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I have beene closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, observ'd your fashion :
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one ! O *Jove*, the other cries !
On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne ? how will he spend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for loving, that art most in love ?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares,
There is no certaine Princessse that appeares,
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing :

Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
 All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
 But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
 O what a Scene of fool'ry have I seene,
 Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 T'o see a King transformed to a Gnat?
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
 And profound *Salomon* tuning a Jygge?
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
 And *Criticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
 Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
 And gentle *Longavill*, where lies thy paine?
 And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
 A candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are wee betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.

I that am honest, I that hold it sinne

To breake the vow I am ingaged in.

I am betrayed by keeping company

With men, like men of inconstancie.

When shall you see me write a thing in rime?

Or grone for *Joane*? or spend a minutes time,

In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a hand, a
 foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest, a waste, a
 legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whether a-way so fast?

A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.

Ber. I post from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Clowne.

Jaqu. God blesse the King.

Kin. What Present hast thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treason.

Kin. What makes treason heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away together.

Jaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it : it was treason he said.

Kin. *Berowne*, read it over. *He reades the Letter.*

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Jaqu. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy : your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dum. It is *Berowne's* writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne to doe me
shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty : I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make up the
messe.

He, he, and you : and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Love, and we deserve to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Berow. True true, we are fowre : will these Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence sirs, away.

Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will shew his face :
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne :

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly *Rosaline*,
That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*.)

At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde.

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast

What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye

Dares looke upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majestie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?

My Love (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,

Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.

O, but for my Love, day would turne to night,

Of all complexions the cul'd soveraignty,

Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheekes,

Where severall Worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,

Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,

To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:

She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.

A withered Hermite, fivescore winters worne,

Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,

And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancie.

O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy Love is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word divine?

A wife of such wood were felicitie.

O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?

That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,

If that she learne not of her eye to looke:

No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night :
And beauties crest becomes the heavens well.

Ber. Divels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting usurping haire
Should ravish doters with a false aspect :
And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her favour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For native blood is counted painting now :
And therefore red that would avoyd dispraise,
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Æthiops* of their sweet complexion crake.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistresses dare never come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did : for sir to tell you plaine,
He finde a fairer face not washt to day.

Ber. He prove her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Divell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Duma. I never knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy love, my foot and her face see.

Ber. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what upward lyes ?
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love ?

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

Kin. Then leave this chat, & good *Berown* now prove
Our loving lawfull, and our fayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this evill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the divell.

Dum. Some salve for perjurie.

Ber.

O 'tis more then neede.

Have at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare unto :
To fast, to study, and to see no woman :
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast ? your stomachs are too young :
And abstinence ingenders maladia.
And where that you have vow'd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you have forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke,
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face ;
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadema,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire,
Why, universall plodding poysons up
The nimble spirits in the arteria,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the travailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You have in that forsworne the use of eyes :
And studie too, the causer of your vow,
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye :
Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is :
Then when our selves we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selves.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there ?
O we have made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes :
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you ?
In leaden contemplation have found out

Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors have enrich'd you with :
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine :
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.
But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone emured in the braine :
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye :
A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Lovers eare will heare the lowest sound
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Loves feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loves tongue proves dainty, *Bacchus* grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules* ?
Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*
Subtill as *Sphinxes*, as sweet and musicall,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.
And when Love speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heaven drowsie with the harmonie.
Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Untill his inke were tempred with Loves sighes :
O then his lines would ravish savage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive
They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fooles you were these women to forswear :
Or keeping what is sworne, you will prove fooles,

For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men love :
Or for Loves sake, a word that loves all men.
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women.
Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selves,
Or else we loose our selves, to keepe our oathes :
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law :
And who can sever love from Charity.

Kim. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Advance your standards, & upon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them : but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolve to woe these girles of France ?

Kim. And winne them too, therefore let us devise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them :
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Revels, Dances, Masques, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Love, strewing her way with flowres.

Kim. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Justice alwaies whirles in equall measure :
Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsworne,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

*Actus Quintus.**Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.**Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.*

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrillity, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armato*.

Ped. *Novi hominum tanquam te*, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majesticall, and his generall behaviour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat.

Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbotie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt devise companions, such rackers of orthographie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d-e-b-t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie; *ne intelligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil serve.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Vide, & gaudio.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quari Chirra, not Sirra?*

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Most millitarie air salutation.

Boy. They have beene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus : Thou art easier swallowed then a slap dragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred ?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke : What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head ?

Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added.

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne : you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quis*, thou Consonant ?

Pag. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them : a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt wave of the Mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it rejoyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man : which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure ? What is the figure ?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant : goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger bread : Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard ; What a joyfull father wouldst thou make mee ? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungbel* for *unguem*.

Brag. *Arts-man preambulat*, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the *Charg-house* on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noon: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene us, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane upon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrecie, that the King would have mee present the Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. *Sir Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned

Gentleman, before the Princess : I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them ?

Peda. *Josua*, your selfe : my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus* ; this Swaine (because of his great limme or joynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error : He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience ? He shall present *Hercules* in minoritie : his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake ; and I will have an Apologie for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent device : so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake ; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies ?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing ?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so : or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.

Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds : Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd unhappy gallowes too.

Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and so she
died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble
stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so
may you: For a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I have Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke : a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Ros. Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all Shrowes :
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Glove.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame : and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Lover.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longavile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse : Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might never part.

Quec. We are wise girles to mocke our Lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And shape his service wholly to my device,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests.
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are caught,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd :
Hath wisdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excesse,
As gravities revolt to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd,
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against us? Say scout say.

Boy. Under the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold adrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you shall over-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feere not thou, but speake audaciously.

The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not evil :
 I should have fear'd her, had she beene a devill.
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
 One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before.
 Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell :
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zelous laughter so profound,
 That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
 To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

Quee. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.

Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
 And every one his Love-feat will advance,
 Unto his severall Mistresse: which they'll know
 By favours severall, which they did bestow.

Queen. And will they so ? the Gallants shall be taskt :
 For Ladies ; we will every one be maskt,
 And not a man of them shall have the grace
 Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
 Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt weare,
 And then the King will court thee for his Deare :
 Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
 And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Rosa. Come on then, weare the favours most in sight.

Kalb. But in this changing, What is your intent ?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs :
 They doe it but in mocking merriment,

And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
 Their severall counsels they unbosome shall,
 To Loves mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
 Upon the next occasion that we meete,
 With Visages displayd to talke and greete.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us too't?

Quee. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
 Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
 But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
 The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
 Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
 So shall we stay mocking entended game,
 And they well mockt, depart away with shame.

Sound.

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

*Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech, and the
 rest of the Lords disguised.*

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that ever turn'd their
 backes to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out

Boy. True, out indeed.

Pag. Out of your favours heavenly spirits vouchsafe
 Not to behold

Ber. Once to behold, rogue.

Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
 With your Sunne beamed eyes.

Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,

You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Bero. Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.

Rosa. What would these strangers?

Know their mindes *Boyet.*

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will

That some plaine man recount their purposes.

Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princes?

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosa. Why that they have, and bid them so be gon.

Boy. She saies you have it, and you may be gon.

Kin. Say to her we have measur'd many miles,

To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

Boy. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches

Is in one mile? If they have measur'd manie,

The measure then of one is easie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you have measur'd miles,

And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,

How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rosa. How manie wearie steps,

Of many wearie miles you have ore-gone,

Are numbred in the travell of one mile?

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you.

Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,

That we may doe it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,

That we (like savages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooved) upon our waterie eyne.

Rosa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play musicke then : nay you must doe it soone,
Not yet no dance : thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance ? How come you thus estranged ?

Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's changed ?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rosa. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to it : Our
cares vouchsafe it,

Kin. But your legges should doe it,

Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance.
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then ?

Rosa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtisie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.

Kin. Prise your selves : What buyes your companie ?

Rosa. Your absence onelie.

Kin. That can never be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought : and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.

Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger ; there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey ; well runne dice :

There's halfe a dozen sweets.

Qu. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cogg,

Ile play no more with you.

Ber. One word in secret.

Qu. Let it not be sweet.

Ber. Thou greev'st my gall.

Qu. Gall, bitter.

Ber. Therefore meete.

Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Faire Ladie :

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord :

Take you that for your faire Lady.

Du. Please it you,

As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.

Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?

Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.

Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.

And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man : is not Veale a Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word.

Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe :

Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.

Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mockes.

Will you give hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.

Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.

Lon. One word in private with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the Razors edge, invisible :

Cutting a smaller haire then may be scene,

Above the sense of sence so sensible :

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, swifter things.

Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.

Ber. By heaven, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have simple wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscovits,
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puffed out.

Rosa. Wel-liking wits they have, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.

Qu. O povertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces:

This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar. *Dumaine* was at my service, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my servant straight was mute.

Ka. Lord *Longavill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?

Qu. Qualme perhaps.

Kat. Yes in good faith.

Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.

Ros. Well, better wits have worne plain statute caps,
But wil you heare; the King is my love sworne.

Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And *Longavill* was for my service borne.

Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses give eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere

In their owne shapes: for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu. Will they returne?

Boy. They will they will, God knowes,

And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes :
Therefore change Favours, and when they repara,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.

Qu. How blow ? how blow ? Speake to bee understood.

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud :
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouda, or Roses blowne.

Qu. Avant perplexitie : What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo ?

Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be advis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd :
Let us complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscovites in shapelesse geare :
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd :
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw : the gallants are at hand.

Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God save you. Wher's the Princessse ?

Boy. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Majestie command me any service to her ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord.

Exit.

Ber. This fellow pickes up wit as Pigeons pease,
And utters it againe, when *Jove* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Warts,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faieres.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and lispe : Why this is he,

That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Ushering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on everie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armatboes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Qu. Then wish me better, I wil give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should have spoke:
For vertues office never breakes men troth.

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you have liv'd in desolation heere,
Unseene, unvisited, much to our shame.

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We have had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left us but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord :
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie gives undeserving praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit : Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace : and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles ; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine have drinke.

Ber. This jest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greeke
With eies best seeing, heavens fierie eie :
By light we loose light ; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich : for in my eie.

Ber. I am a foole, and full of povertie.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot give you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what is that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kim. We are discried,
They'l mocke us now downeright.

Du. Let us confesse, and turne it to a jest.

Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes sadde?

Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke you
pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscovie.

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brasse hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit waite.

O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,

Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,

Th'ree-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,

Have blowne me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I heere protest,

By this white Glove (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My love to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, sans*, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I have a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.

Ile leave it by degrees: soft, let us see,

Write *Lord have mercie on us*, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :

These Lords are visited, you are not free :

For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Qu. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your selves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us sweete Madame, for our rude transgression,
some faire excuse.

Qu. The fairest is confession.

Were you not heere but even now, disguis'd ?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well advis'd ?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies eare ?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine Honor no.

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear :

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your eare ?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this World : adding thereto moreover,

That he would Wed me, or else die my Lover.

Qu. God give thee joy of him : the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame ?

By my life, my troth,

I never swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gave me this: But take it sir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did give,
I knew her by this jewell on her sleeve.

Qu. Pardon me sir, this Jewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,

Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick

That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,

The Ladies did change Favours; and then we

Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.

Now to our perjurie, to adde more terror,

We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Much upon this tis: and might not you

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?

And laugh upon the apple of her eie?

And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrilie?

You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.

Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.

You leere upon me, do you? There's an eie

Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this carreere bene
run.

Ber. Lo, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Clo. O Lord sir, they would kno,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,

For everie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not so sir, under correction sir, I hope it is not so. You cannot beg us sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know : I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Under correction sir, wee know where-untill it doth amount.

Ber. By Jove, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your living by reckning sir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, the actors sir will shew where-untill it doth amount : for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompeius* the great sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great : for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Exit.

Clo. We will turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

King. *Berowne*, they will shame us :

Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-prooffe my Lord : and 'tis some policie, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his companie.

Kim. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now ; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.

Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents :
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annoited, I implore so much expence of thy royall
sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man serve God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch : For I
protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastickall : Too too
vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they say) to *Fortuna*
delaguar, I wish you the peace of minde most royall cuplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies ; He
presents *Heñor* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Parish
Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Judas*
Machabeus : And if these foure Worthies in their first shew
thrive, these foure will change habites, and present the other five.

Ber. There is five in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceived, tis not so.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the Foole,
and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out five such, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ship is under saile, and here she coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.

Da. The great.

Clo. It is great sir : Pompey surnam'd the great :

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield, did make my foe to sweat :

And travailing along this coast, I beere am come by chance,

And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of France.

If your Ladiaship would say thanks Pompey, I had done.

La. Great thanks great Pompey.

Clo. Tis not so much worth : but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooves the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liv'd, I was the worldes Commander :

By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering might

My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.

Boist. Your nose saies no, you are not :

For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smels no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismayd :

Procede good Alexander.

Cur. When in the world I lived, I was the worldes Commander.

Boist. Most true, 'tis right : you were so Alisander.

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your servant and Costard.

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander.

Clo. O sir, you have overthrowne Alisander the conqueror : you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this : your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake ? Runne away for shame Alisander. There an't shall please you : a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler : but for Alisander, alas you see, how 'tis a

little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will
speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*.

Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,

Ergo, I come with this Apologie.

Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

Exit Boy.

Ped. Judas I am.

Dum. A Judas?

Ped. Not *Isca*riot sir.

Judas I am, ycliped *Machabeus*.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Judas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Ped. Judas I am.

Dum. The more shame for you Judas.

Ped. What meane you sir?

Boi. To make Judas hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, Judas was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

Boi. The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Ber. False, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go :

And so adieu sweet *Jude*. Nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Jude* : give it him. *Jud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Judas*, it growes darke, he may stumble.

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Heſſor* in *Armes*.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Heſſor* was but a *Trojan* in respect of this.

Boi. But is this *Heſſor* ?

King. I thinke *Heſſor* was not so cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Heſſor*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be *Heſſor*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gave Heſſor a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty, Gave Heſſor a gift, the beire of Illion ;*

*A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight : yea
From morne till night, out of his Pavillion.*

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longavill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the reine : for it runnes against
Heñor.

Dum. I, and *Heñor's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried :
But I will forward with my device ;
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake brave *Heñor*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This *Heñor* farre surmounted *Hanniball*.

The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Heñor*, she is gone ; she is two moneths on her
way.

Brag. What meanest thou ?

Clo. Faith unlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore
Wench is cast away : she's quick, the child brags in her belly
alreadie : tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates ? Thou
shalt die.

Clo. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta* that is quicke
by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey* : *Pompey*
the huge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moved, more *Atces* more *Atces* stirre them, or stirre them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Ber. I, if I have no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile flash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee borrow my *Armes* againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed *Worthies*.

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not see *Pompey* is unceasing for the combat: what meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentleman and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reason have you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go woolward for penance.

Ber. True, and it was injoynd him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a diash-clout of *Jaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heavie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even so: My tale is told.

Ber. *Worthies* away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath : I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies.

Kin. How fare's your Majestie ?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeavours and entreats :
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne our selves,
In the converse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord :
A heave heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,
For my great suit, so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All causes to the purpose of his speed :
And often at his verie loose decides
That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smiling curtesie of Love :
The holy suite which faine it would convince,
Yet since loves argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd : since to waile friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I understand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of grieve
And by these badges understand the King,
For your faire sakes have we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths : your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors

Even to the opposed end of our intent.
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous :
As Love is full of unbefitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine,
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie,
Full of straying shapes, of habita, and of formes
Varying in subjects as the eie doth roule,
To everie varied object in his glance :
Which partie-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if in your heavenly eies,
Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravities.
Those heavenlie eies that looke into these faults
Suggested us to make : therefore Ladies
Our love being yours, the error that Love makes
Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,
By being once false, for ever to be true
To those that make us both, faire Ladies you.
And even that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love :
Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Love.
And in our maiden counsaile rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and curtesie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time :
But more devout then these are our respects
Have we not bene, and therefore met your loves
In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then jest.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant us your loves.

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in ;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,

Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this :
If for my Love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust : but go with speed
To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world :
There stay, untill the twelve Celestiall Signes
Have brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood :
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Love,
But that it beare this triall, and last love :
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,
I will be thine : and till that instant shut
My wofull selfe up in a mourning house,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intituled in the others hart.

Kin. If this or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close up mine eie.
Hence ever then, my heart is in thy brest.

Ber. And what to me my Love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and perjurie :
Therefore if you my favor meane to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

Du. But what to me my Love ? but what to me ?

Kat. A wife ? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold love, I wish you all these three.

Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
He make no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come :
Then if I have much love, He give you some.

Dum. He serve thee true and faithfull till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Lon. What saies *Maria*?

Mari. At the twelvemonths end,
He change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. He stay with patience : but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong.

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie :
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some service on me for my love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you : and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes :
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won :
You shall this twelvemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sickes, and still converse
With groaning wretches : and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To move wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot move a soule in agonie.

Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fooles :
A jests prosperitie, lies in the care
Of him that heares it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes ; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelvemonth ? Well : befall what will befall,
He jest a twelvemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leave.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play :
Jacke hath not Gill : these Ladies courtesie
Might wel have made our sport a Comedie.

Kin. Come sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majesty vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leave.
I am a Votarie, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to holde the Plough
for her sweet love three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse,
wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men have com-
piled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow ? It should have
followed in the end of our shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring : the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daises pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew :
And Ladie-smockes all silver white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on everie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes :
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes :
The Cuckow then on everie tree
Mockes married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iacles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile ;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paille :
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Jone doth keele the pot.



When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw :
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw :
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who :
A merrie note,
While greasie Jone doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo :
You that way ; we this way ;

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.







A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM



A
MIDSOMMER
Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace : foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon : but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes ; She lingers my desires

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans revennew.

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep themselves in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time :
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. *Go Philostrate,*

Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals :
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries :
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus* : what's the news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosome of my childe :
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe :
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining love,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardned youth)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubbornne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens ;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her ;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you *Hermia* ? be advis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God ;
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted : and within his power,

To leave the figure, or disfigure it :

Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himselfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.

The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eies must with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,

Nor how it may concerne my modestie

In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts :

But I beseech your Grace, that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abjure

For ever the society of men.

Therefore faire *Hermia* question your desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)

You can endure the liverie of a Nunne,

For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,

But earthlier happie is the Rose distill'd,

Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,

Growes, lives, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,

Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent up

Unto his Lordship, whose unwished yoake,

My soule consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon

The sealing day betwixt my love and me,

For everlasting bond of fellowship :
Upon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to protest
For aie, austerity, and single life.

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You have her fathers love, *Demetrius* :
Let me have *Hermiaes* : do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Love ;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possest : my love is more then his :
My fortunes every way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius* :
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, Ile avouch it to his head,
Made love to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule : and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof :
But being over-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will ;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you up

(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)

To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my love?

Demetrius and *Egeus* go along :

I must imploy you in some businesse

Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of something, neerely that concernes your selves.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you.

Exeunt.

Manet Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. For ought that ever I could reade,
Could ever heare by tale or historie,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse! too high to be enthral'd to love.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to choose love by anothers eie.

Lys. Or if there were a simpathie in choise,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) unfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The jawes of darknesse do devoure it up:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers have beene ever crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let us teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,

As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares ; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perswasion ; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great revennew, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne :
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night :
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do observance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan under saile was seene,
By all the vowes that ever men have broke,
(In number more then ever women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise love : looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away ?

Hel. Cal you me faire ? that faire againe unsay,
Demetrius loves you faire : O happie faire !
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,

Sickness is catching: O were favor so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest Ile give to be to you translated,
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You away the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles such skil.

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moove.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,

Lysander and my selfe will flie this place,

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.

Lys. *Helen*, to you our mindes we will unfold,

To morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold

Her silver visage, in the watry glasse,

Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse

(A time that Lovers flights doth still conceale)

Through *Athens* gates, have we devis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,

Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,

Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:

There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete,

And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes

To seeke new friends and strange companions,

Farwell sweet play-follow, pray thou for us,

And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
 Keepe word *Lysander* we must starve our sight,
 From lovers foode, till morrow deepe midnight. *Exit Hermia.*

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
 As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*

Hele. How happy some, ore other some can be?
 Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.
 But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not so:
 He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
 And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
 So I, admiring of his qualities:
 Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to forme and dignity,
 Love lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
 Nor hath loves minde of any judgement taste:
 Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haste.
 And therefore is Love said to be a childe,
 Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
 As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
 For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
 He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
 And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showres of oathes did melt,
 I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
 Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
 If I have thanks, it is a deere expence:
 But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
 To have his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

*Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottome the Weaver,
 Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling
 the Taylor.*

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Qui. Here is the scrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on : then read the names of the Actors : and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selves.

Quince. Answer as I call you. *Nicke Bottome* the Weaver.

Bottome. Ready ; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nick Bottome* are set downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant ?

Quin. A Lover that kills himselfe most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it : if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies : I will moove stormes ; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks ; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine : a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight ?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you shall play it in a maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; *Thisne, Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover deare, thy *Thisbe* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my self, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Joyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am slow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mothers sonne.

Bottom. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our devises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Over hil, over dale, through bush, through briar,
Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander everie where, swifter then the Moons sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the green.
The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spots you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairie favors,
In those freckles, live their saviors,
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in every cowslips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elves come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Revels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,

For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She never had so sweet a changeling,
And jealous *Oberon* would have the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she (perforce) with-holds the loved boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meete in grove, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elves for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish spirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And sometime made the drinke to beare no barme,
Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke.
Are not you he ?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright ;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night :
I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
In very likeness of a roasted crab :
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stooles, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,

And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre was never wasted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

Fair. And heere my Mistris :
Would that he were gone.

*Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the
Queene at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I have forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady; but I know
When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing love
To amorous *Phyllida*. Why art thou heere
Come from the farthest steepe of *India*?
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior love,
To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,
To give their bed joy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*?
Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Peregina*, whom he ravished?
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa*?

Que. These are the forgeries of jealousy,
And never since the middle Summers spring
Met we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,

By puerst fountaine, or by rustic brooke,
 Or in the reacht margin of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whirling Waile,
 But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the Windes, piping to us in vaine,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Concoctious fogs: Which falling in the Land,
 Hath euerie petty River made so proud,
 That they have over-borne their Confiners.
 The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine,
 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The field stands empty in the drowned field,
 And Crows are fatted with the murrion focke,
 The nine mens Morris is filld up with mud,
 And the quaine Mazes in the waston greene,
 For lacke of tread are undistinguishable.
 The humane mortals want their winter heere,
 No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
 Therefore the Moone (the governesse of floods)
 Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
 That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
 And through this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
 And on old Hyems chinne and Icie crowne,
 An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
 Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
 Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed worlde,
 By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
 And this same progeny of evils,
 Comes from our debate, from our dissenion.
 We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,

Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?

I do but beg a little changeling boy,

To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a *Votresse* of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath she gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to see the sailes conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and saile upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe reare up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay.

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light revels, goe with us;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest
Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civill at her song,

And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc.

I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd ; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone ;
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell upon a little westerne flower ;
Before, milke-white ; now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it, Love in idlenesse.
Fetch me that flower ; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
The juyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Having once this juyce,

Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing when she waking lookes upon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of love.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes heere ? I am invisible,
And I will over-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia* ?
The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood ;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steele. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you ? do I speake you faire ?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more ;
I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you,
Use me but as your spaniell ; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; onely give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be used as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge : for that

It is not night when I doe see your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world,
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me ?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you ;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd :
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase ;
The Dove pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go ;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleewe,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe :
We cannot fight for love, as men may doe ;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Exit.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy love.
Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxalips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite over-cannoped with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with Egplantine ;

There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
 Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight :
 And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
 Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
 And with the juyce of this Ile streake her eyes,
 And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove ;
 A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
 With a disdainefull youth : annoint his eyes,
 But doe it when the next thing he espies,
 May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her, then she upon her love ;
 And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your servant shall do so.

Exit.

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song ;
 Then for the third part of a minute hence,
 Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,
 Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings,
 To make my small Elves coates, and some keepe backe
 The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleepe,
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
 Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
 Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
 Philomele with melodie,
 Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
 Never harme, nor spell, nor charme,*

*Come our lovely Lady nye.
So good night with Lullaby.*

2. *Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not neere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence.
Beetles blacke approach not neere ;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomela with melody, &c.*

1. *Fairy.* Hence away, now all is well ;
One aloof, stand Centinell. Shee sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Love take:
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lisander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire love, you faint with wandering in the woods,
And to speake troth I have forgot our way:
Wee'll rest us *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I upon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.

Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for love and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy love nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe give thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

They sleepe.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the Forrest have I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approve
This flowers force in stirring love.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athen* he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lye
Neere this lacke-love, this kill-curtisie.
Churle, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.

So awake when I am gone :

For I must now to *Oberon*.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe. *Exit Demetrius.*

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoeer she lies ;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner washt then here.
No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare ;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare.
Therefore no marvaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground ;
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you live, good sir awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so :
What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loves you ; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love ;
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe untill their season;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loves stories, written in Loves richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorne?
Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserve a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And never maist thou come *Lysander* neere;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those that did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight.

Exit.

Her. Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,

And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.

Lysander, what remoov'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loves; I sound almost with feare.

No, then I well perceive you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. *Peter* quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw a sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How answere you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleewe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Piramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottom* the Weaver; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and sixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves, to bring in (God shield us) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe must speake through, sayng thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Saug* the Joyner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to

signifie wall ; or let him hold his fingers thus ; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts : *Piramus*, you begin ; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene ?
What, a Play toward ? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Piramus* : *Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious savors sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours savors sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.

But harke, a voyce : stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Exit. Pir.

Puck. A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

This. Must I speake now ?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thys. Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Juvenall, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man : why, you must not speake that yet ; that you answer to *Piramus* : you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past ; it is never tyre.

Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre :

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted ; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through bryer,
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound :
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snout.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd ; What doe I see on thee ?

Bot. What do you see ? You see an Asse-head of your owne, do you ?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee Bottom, blesse thee ; thou art translated.

Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery ; this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could ; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke up and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.
The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throstle with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed ?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray ;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answer, nay.
For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ? Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, never so ?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe.
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note ;
On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should have little reason for that : and yet to say the truth, reason and love keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke upon occasion.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate :
The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I doe love thee ; therefore goe with me,
Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe.
And I will purge thy mortall grossnesse so,
That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

Enter Pease-blosseme, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready ; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go ?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steele from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise :
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies
Nod to him Elves, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily ; I beseech your worships name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb* : if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman ?

Pear. *Pease blossome.*

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shal desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you sir ?

Mus. *Mustard-seede.*

Pear. *Pease-blossome.*

Bot. Good master *Mustard seede*, I know your patience well : that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard-seede*.

Tita. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,

And when she weepes, weepe everie little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

Tye up my lovers tongue, bring him silently.

Exit.

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Tutania* be awak't ;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger : how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this gaunted grove ?

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in love,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread upon *Athenian* stals,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day :
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An *Asses* nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,
And forth my Mimmick comes : when they him spie.
As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughes, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)
Sever themselves, and madly sweepe the skye :
So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals ;
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cala.
Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted feare,
And left sweete *Piramus* translated there :
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lov'd an *Asse*.

Ob. This fals out better then I could devise :
But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the love juyce, as I did bid thee doe ?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,
Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeve as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
So should a murtherer looke, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty.
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men.

Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no.

Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heaviness doth heavier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Lie downe.

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love juyce on some true loves sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of love, that costs the fresh bloud deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
He charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe.

Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espie,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,

Helena is heere at hand,
 And the youth, mistooke by me,
 Pleading for a Lovers fee.
 Shall we their fond Pageant see?
 Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
 Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
 That must needs be sport alone:
 And those things doe best please me,
 That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should wooe in scorn?
 Scorne and derision never comes in teares:
 Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
 In their nativity all truth appeares.
 How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
 Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
 When truth kils truth, O divelish holy fray!
 These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you give her ore?
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
 Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
 Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Awaa.

Dem. O *Helen*, goddesse, nymph, perfect, divine,
 To what my love, shall I compare thine eyne,
 Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
 That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
 Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
 When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kisse

This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

Hell. O spight ! O hell ! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment :
If you were civill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must joyne in soules to mocke me to ?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle Lady so ;
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia* ;
And now both Rivals to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure teares up in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision ; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lysa. You are unkind *Demetrius* ; be not so,
For you love *Hermia* ; this you know I know ;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* love I yeeld you up my part ;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers wast more idle breth.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none :
If ere I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Love comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Love doth presse to go?

Her. What love could presse *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* love (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungratefull maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we have spent,
When wee have chid the hasty footed time,
For parting us; O, is all forgot?
All schoole-daies friendship, child-hood innocence?
We *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,
Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To joyne with men in scorning your poore friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the injurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorne you not ; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne
To follow me, and praise my eies and face ?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me goddessæ, nimph, divine, and rare.
Precious, celestiall ? Wherefore speakes he this
To her he hates ? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
Denie your love (so rich within his soule)
And tender me (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ?
(But miserable most, to love unlov'd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, doe, persever, counterfeit sad lookes,
Make mouthes upon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete jest up :
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument :
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
My love, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweete, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate,
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.

Helen, I love thee, by my life I doe ;

I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false, that saies I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose ;
Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not : you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur ; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude ?
What change is this sweete Love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out tawny *Tartar*, out ;
Out loathed medicine ; O hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius* : I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond : for I perceive
A weake bond holds you ; Ile not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate ?
Hate me, wherefore ? O me, what newes my Love ?
Am not I *Hermia* ? Are not you *Lysander* ?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night you lov'd me ; yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life ;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt ;
Be certaine, nothing truer : tis no jest,
That I doe hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of love ; What, have you come by night,
And stolne my loves heart from him?

Hd. Fine yfaith :
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse ? What, will you teare
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet ? why so ? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Betweene our statures, she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole ? Speake,
How low am I ? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.

Hd. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me ; I was never curst :
I have no gift at all in shrewishnesse ;
I am a right maide for my cowardize ;
Let her not strike me : you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower ? harke againe.

Hd. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,

I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you, for love I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too ;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone : who ist that hinders you ?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander* ?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe ? Nothing but low and little ?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made,
You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your services.
Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by jowle.

Exit Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Beleeve me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proves my enterprize,
That I have nointed an *Athenians* eies,
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, overcast the night,
The starrie Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these testie Rivals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;
Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-balls role with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian Boy* ;
And then I will her charmed eie release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger ;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards ; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-waies and flouds have buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone ;
For feare least day should looke their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort :
I, with the mornings love have oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,
Even till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay :
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Up and downe, up and downe, I will leade them up
and downe : I am fear'd in field and towne. *Goblin*, lead them
up and downe : here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius* ?
Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speake againe ;
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?
 Speake in some bush : Where dost thou hide thy head ?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
 And wilt not come ? Come recreant, come thou childe,
 Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
 That drawes a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there ?

Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
 When I come where he calls, then he's gone.
 The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I :
 I followed fast, but faster he did flye ; *shifting places.*
 That fallen am I in darke uneven way,
 And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day : *lye down.*
 For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
 Ile find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho ; coward, why com'st thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
 Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
 And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
 Where art thou ?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me ; thou shalt buy this deere,
 If ever I thy face by day-light see.
 Now goe thy way : faintnesse constraineth me,
 To measure out my length on this cold bed,
 By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
 That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light.
 From these that my poore companie detest ;
 And sleepe that sometime shuts up sorrowes eie,
 Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

Sleepe.

Rob. Yet but three ? Come one more,
 Two of both kindes makes up foure.
 Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knavish lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Never so wearie, never so in woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
 I can no further crawl, no further goe ;
 My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
 Heavens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,
 Ile apply your eie gentle lover, remedy.
 When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
 True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,
 And the Country Proverb knowne,
 That every man should take his owne,
 In your waking shall be showne.

Jacke shall have *Jill*, nought shall goe ill,
 The man shall have his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King
behinde them.*

Tita. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

Clow. Where's *Pease blossome*?

Peas. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome.* Wher's Mounsieuer
Cobweb.

Cob. Ready.

Clown. Mounsieuer *Cobweb*, good Mounsier get your weapons
in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a
thistle; and good Mounsieuer bring mee the hony bag. Doe not
fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsieuer; and good
Mounsieuer have a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth
to have you overflowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's
Mounsieuer *Mustardseed*?

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Give me your neafe, Mounsieuer *Mustardseed.* Pray you
leave your courtesie good Mounsieuer.

Mus. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieuer, but to help Cavalery *Cobweb*
to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieuer, for me-thinkes I
am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender
asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet love.

Clow. I have a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let us have
the tongs and the bones. *Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.*

Tita. Or say sweete Love, what thou dearest to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Provender; I could munch your

good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tuta. I have a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clown. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease.
But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I have an exposition of sleepe come upon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good Robin:
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hatefull foole,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.

And gentle *Pucke* take this transformed scalpe,
 From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine ;
 That he awaking when the other doe,
 May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
 And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
 But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

*Be thou as thou wast wont to be ;
 See as thou wast wont to see.
 Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
 Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions have I seene !
 Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to passe ?
 Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now !

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head :

Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
 Then common sleepe ; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies peepe.

Ob. Sound musick ; come my Queen, take hands with me
 And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.
 Now thou and I are new in amity,
 And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
 Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,
 And blesse it to all faire posterity.
 There shall the paires of faithfull Lovers be
 Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
 I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,

Trip we after the nights shade ;
 We the Globe can compasse soone,
 Swifter then the wandering Moone.

Tia. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
 Tell me how it came this night,
 That I sleeping heere was found,
 With these mortals on the ground.

Sleepers Lye still.

Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
 For now our observation is perform'd ;
 And since we have the vaward of the day,
 My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
 Uncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe ;
 Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
 We will faire Queene, up to the Mountaines top,
 And marke the musicall confusion
 Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
 When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
 With hounds of *Sparta* ; never did I heare
 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountaines, every region neere,
 Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard
 So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
 So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
 With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
 Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
 In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly* ;
 Judge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these ?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

The. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The right of May ; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice ?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

The. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start up.

The. Good morrow friends : Saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

The. I pray you all stand up.

I know you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from jealousy,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is ;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord : you have enough ;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head :
They would have stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You of your wife, and me of my consent ;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them ;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did doat upon :
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now doe I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Thes. Faire Lovers, you are fortunately met ;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will over-beare your will ;
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us to *Athens* ; three and three,
Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.
Come *Hippolite*.

Exit Duke and Lords.

Dem. These things seeme small & undistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every things seemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes :
And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It seemes to mee,

That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreames.

Bottome wakes.

Exit Lovers.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho, *Peter Quince*? *Flute* the bellows-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starveling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I have had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called *Bottomes Dreame*, because it hath no bottome; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbe, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come home yet?

Starv. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transported.

This. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

This. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse us) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Jogner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

This. O sweet bully *Bottom*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom, O most courageous day! O most happie houre!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us heare, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete presently at the Palace, every man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any case let *Thisby* have cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to utter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these lovers speake of.

The. More strange then true. I never may beleeeve
These Anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,
Lovers and mad men have such seething braines,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more
Then coole reason ever comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more divels then vaste hell can hold ;
That is the mad man. The Lover, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Unknowne ; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes,
And gives to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare ?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancie ;
But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the lovers, full of joy and mirth :
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh dayes
Of love accompany your hearta.

Lys. More then to us, waite in your royall walkes, your boord,
your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we have,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Between our after supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usuall manager of mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theseus*.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with some delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many sports are rife:
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

Lis. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That have I told my Love
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lis. The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

The. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

Lis. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of learning,
late deceast in beggerie.

The. That is some Satire keene and criticall,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lis. A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*,
And his love *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and breife? That is, hot
ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee finde the concord
of his discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I have knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is : for *Piramus*
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Reheerst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water :
But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter
Never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it ?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which never labour'd in their mindes till now ;
And now have toyled their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptiall.

Tbe. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unlesse you can finde sport in their intents,
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you service.

Thes. I will heare that play. For never any thing
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I love not to see wretchednesse orecharged ;
And duty in his service perishing.

Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake ;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great Clearkes have purposed
To grette me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have scene them shiver and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
 Out of this silence yet, I pickt a-welcome :
 And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
 I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,
 In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Egeus. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

Duke. Let him approach.

Flor. Trum.

Enter the Prologue.

Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
 That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider then, we come but in despight.
 We do not come, as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,
 We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
 The Actors are at hand ; and by their show,
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt : he knowes
 not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to
 speake, but to speake true.

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a
 Recorder, a sound, but not in government.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine : nothing impaired,
 but all disordered. Who is next ?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
 But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
 This man is *Piramus*, if you would know ;

This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers sunder :
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Lovers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe ;
This grizy beast (which *Lyon* hight by name)
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright :
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;
Which *Lyon* vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle slaine ;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely broacht his boiling bloody breast,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

This. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord : one Lion may, when many
Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall :
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke :
Through which the Lovers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall ; the truth is so,
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Throug which the fearefull Lovers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse,
my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, O night with hue so blacke,

O night, which ever art, when day is not:

O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,

I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.

And thou O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,

That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.

Thankes courteous wall, *Jove* shield thee well for this.

But what see I? No *Thisbie* doe I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving mee.

Thes. The wall me-thinkes being sensible, should curse againe.

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*

Is *Thisbies* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy

Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,

For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and me.

My cherry lips have often kist thy stones;

Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit up in thee.

Pyra. I see a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie?*

This. My Love thou art, my Love I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace,
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me straight way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so ;

And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors.

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dut. This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worae of them then they of themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joyner am
A Lion fell, nor elae no Lions dam :
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. A verie gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lis. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my Lord : for his valor cannot carrie his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor : for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well ; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the Moone.

Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

De. He should have worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are invisible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.

For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Dut. I am wearie of this Moone; would he would change.

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my love?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby*.

Dut. Well shone Moone

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du. Wel mouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,

I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* sight.
 But stay : O spight ! but marke, poore Knight,
 What dreadful dole is heere ?
 Eyes do you see ! How can it be ?
 O dainty Ducke : O Deere !
 Thy mantle good ; what staine with blood !
 Approch you Furies fell :
 O Fates ! come, come : Cut thred and thrum,
 Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
 Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Dut. Beahrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame ?
 Since Lion wilde hath heere deflour'd my deere :
 Which is : no, no, which was the fairest Dame
 That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
 Come teares, confound : Out sword, and wound
 The pap of *Piramus* :
 I, that left pap, where heart doth hop ;
 Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.
 Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,
 Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,
 Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him ; for he is but one.

Lis. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and
 prove an Asse.

Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before ?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Lover.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starrelight.
 Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes shee should not use a long one for such a
Piramus : I hope she will be breefe.



Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thisby* is the better.

Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweete eyes.

Dem. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

This. Asleepe my Love? What, dead my Dove?

O *Piramus* arise :

Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowlip cheekes

Are gone, are gone : Lovers make mone :

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

O sisters three, come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as Milke,

Lay them in gore, since you have shore

With sheeres, his thred of silke.

Tongue not a word : Come trusty sword :

Come blade, my breast imbrue :

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends ;

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their
Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a
Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no
excuse. Never excuse ; for when the plaiers are all dead, there
need none to be blamed : Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid
Piramus, and hung himselfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would have beene
a fine Tragedy : and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd.
But come, your Burgomaske ; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,

As much as we this night have over-watcht.

This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly Revels, and new jollitie.

*Exeunt.**Enter Pucke.*

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roars,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone :
Whilest the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritchling loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd :
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkenesse like a dreame,
Now are frolicke ; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowisie fier,
Everie Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.
Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.

Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

*Now untill the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be :
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate :
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Never mole, barelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativitie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each severall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay ;
Meet me all by breake of day.*

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but slumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,

If we have unearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.



ACT:



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act IV. Sc. 1.



The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

N sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of mee,
That I have much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do over-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reverence
As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Salar. Beleeve me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,

Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall ; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present yeere :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth.

Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in love neither : then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry ; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Fareyouwell,
We leave you now with better company.

Sola. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Antonio*
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde where we must meete

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Antonio*,
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my Liver rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Jaundies
By being peevish? I tell thee what *Antonio*,

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthony*, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing ; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles :
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgeon, this opinion :
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* never let's me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for silence is onely commendable.
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bas. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then
any man in all Venice, his reasons are two graines of wheate hid
in two bushels of chaffe : you shall seeke all day ere you finde
them, & when you have them they are not worth the search.

An. Well : tel me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Bas. Tis not unknowne to you *Anthony*

How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd : to you *Antonio*
I owe the most in money, and in love,
And from your love I have a warrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bas. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight
The selfesame way, with more advised watch
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hoode prooffe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme : Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I have :

Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it : therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire speechlesse messages :
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallewd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windes blow in from every coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchos* strond,
And many *Jasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place with one of them,
I have a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerrissa*, my little body is a wearie of
this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the
same abundance as your good fortunes are : and yet for ought I
see, they are as sicke that surfet with too much, as they that starve

with nothing ; it is no smal happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haire, but competencie lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Divine that followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may devise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O mee, the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Nerrissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that hee hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you, wil no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description levell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and

you will not have me, choose: he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will prove the weeping Phylosopher when he growes old, being so full of unmannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier *Le Bonne*?

Pro. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madnesse, I should never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Baron of *England*?

Pro. You know I say nothing to him, for hee understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & sweare that I have a poore pennie-worth in the *English*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Pro. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his suretie, and seald under for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Pro. Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little

better then a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the divell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing *Nerrissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, unlesse you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaste as *Diana*: unlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your fathers time, a *Vencian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marquesse of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madame, hee of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers seeke you Madame to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a

divell, I had rather hee should shrive me then wive me. Come *Nerrissa*, sirra go before ; whiles wee shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.

Bass. I sir, for three montha.

Shy. For three months, well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you,

Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you sted me ? Will you pleasure me ?

Shall I know your answer.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,

And *Antonio* bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no : my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition : he hath an *Argosie* bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I understand moreover upon the *Ryalta*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeves, and land theeves, I meane *Pyrats*, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks : the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Jew. I will be assured I may : and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio* ?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarite* conjured the divell into : I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so follow-

ing : but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here ?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior *Anthonio*.

Jew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian :
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes
Even there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals interest : Cursed be my Trybe
If I forgive him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats : what of that ?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me ; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire ? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.
Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
He breake a custome : is he yet possest
How much he would ?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond : and let me see, but heare you,

Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I doe never use it.

Sby. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban's* sheepe,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possesser ; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest :

Sby. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as *Jacob's* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He stucke them up before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest :
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir that *Jacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver Ewes and Rams ?

Sby. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,
The divell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An evill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleever, cut-throate dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would have moneyes, you say so:
You that did voide your rume upon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Over your threshold, moneyes is your suite.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispering humblenesse,
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for these curtesies
He lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalties.

Sby. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have staine me with,
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
Of usance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Sby. This kindnesse will I showe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport,
If you repaie me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile seale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the vawle of this bond.

Sby. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adiew,
And for my love I praie you wrong me not.



Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats strait.
See to my house left in the fearefull gard
Of an unthriftie knave : and presentlie
Ile be with you.

Exit.

Ant. Hie thee gentle *Jew*. This Hebrew will turne Christian,
he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure
followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine.*

Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liverie of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phabus* fire scarce thawes the ysicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lov'd it to : I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In tearmes of choise I am not solie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies :
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie

Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing :
But if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commmer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune : by this Symitare
That alew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields, of Sultan Solymán,
I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke :
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth :
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lycbas* plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Misse that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving.

Port. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me unto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or curs'd't among men.

Cornets.
Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Jobbe, Launcelet Jobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Jobbe*, or good *Launcelet Jobbe*, use your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies no; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *Jobbe*, or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Jobbe*, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heavens rouse up a brave minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my honest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the *Jew* my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of divell; and to run away from the *Jew* I should be ruled by the fiend, who saving your reverence is the divell himselfe; certainly the *Jew* is the verie divell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the *Jew*; the fiend gives the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I prairie you, which is the waie to Maister Jewes?

Lan. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high gravel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I prairie you which is the waie to Maister Jewes.

Lan. Turne upon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the *Jewes* house.

Gob. Be Gods sounties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Lan. Talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to live.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*.

Lan. But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant please your maistership.

Lan. *Ergo* Maister *Lancelet* talke not of maister *Lancelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lau. Do I look like a cudgell or a hovell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day. I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule alive or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, give me your

blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

Lan. Praie you let's have no more fooling about it, but give mee your blessing : I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that : but I am *Lancelet* the *Jewes* man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede. Ile be sworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood : Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got ; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then *Dobbin* my philhorse has on his taile.

Lan. It should seeme then that *Dobbins* taile growes backward, I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd : how doost thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present ; how gree you now ?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have set up my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I have run some ground : my Maister's a verie *Jew*, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famiaht in his service. You may tell everie finger I have with my ribs : Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede gives rare new Livories, if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Jew* if I serve the *Jew* anie longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be readie at the farthest by five of the clocke : see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich *Jewes* man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew*, and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Maister and he (saying your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suite is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you ?

Lan. Serve you sir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this daie,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich *Jewes* service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old proverbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well ; go Father with thy Son,
Take leave of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, give him a Liverie
More garded then his fellowes : see it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tongue

in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* have a fairer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fiftene wives is nothing, a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Exit Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.

Bass. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I have a sute to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaviour
I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Bassanio*, heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,

Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then,
 Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
 Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen :
 Use all the obseruance of civillitie
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
 By what we doe to night.

Bas. No that were pittie,
 I would intreate you rather to put on
 Your boldest suite of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment : but far you well,
 I have some businesse.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,
 But we will visite you at supper time.

Exeunt.

Enter Jessica and the Clowne.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
 Our house is hell, and thou a merrie divell
 Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse ;
 But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
 And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest,
 Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
 And so farwell : I would not have my Father
 See me talke with thee.

Clo. Aduce, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan,
 most sweete Jew, if a Christian doe not play the knave and get
 thee, I am much deceived ; but adue, these foolish drops doe
 somewhat drowne my manly spirit : adue.

Exit.

Jes. Farewell good *Lancelet*
 Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me
 To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,

But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners : O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will alinke away in supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we have two houres
To furnish us ; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake up this, shall it seeme
to signifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Love newes in faith.

Lan. By your leave sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou ?

Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Master the *Jew* to sup to night
with my new Master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jessica*
I will not faile her, speake it privately :

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night.

I am provided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit Clowne.

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

Exit.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Jessica*?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house :
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages suite she hath in readinesse.
If ere the *Jew* her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake ;
And never dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Unlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse *Jew* :
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer.

Exit.

Enter Jew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Jew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio* ;
What *Jessica*, thou shalt not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me : what *Jessica* ?
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Jessica* I say.

Clo. Why *Jessica*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Jessica*,
There are my Keyes : but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede upon
The prodigall Christian. *Jessica* my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,
There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master
Doth expect your reproach.

Sby. So doe I his.

Clo. And they have conspired together. I will not say you
shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that
my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday last, at six a clocke ith
morning, falling out that yeere on ashwensday was foure yeere in
th'aftermoone.

Sby. What are their maskes? heare you me *Jessica*,
Lock up my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces :
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night :
But I will goe : goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before sir.
Mistis looke out at window for all this ;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Sby. What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

Jes. His words were farewell mistis, nothing else.

Sby. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder :
Snail-slow in profit, but he sleepees by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Jessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately ;
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast finde,
A proverbe never stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenzo*
Desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is mervaille he out-dwels his houre,
For lovers ever run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgeons flye
To steale loves bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith unforfaited.

Gra. That ever holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth untread againe
His tedious measures with the unbated fire,
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne
With over-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the theeves for wives
Ile watch as long for you then: approach.
Here dwels my father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica above.

Jess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,

Albeit Ile swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy love.

Jes. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blinde, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselve would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery Love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Jessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio* ?

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest ?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be under saile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince :
Now make your choyse.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right ?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions, backe againe :
What saies this leaden casket ?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what ? for lead, hazard for lead ?

This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doe it in hope of faire advantages :

A golden minde stoopes not to shoves of dross,
He then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.

What saies the Silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves; pause there *Morcho*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou doost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserve, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in love I doe deserve.
What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three containes her heavenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
To rib her searecloath in the obscure grave:
Or shall I thinke in Silver she's immur'd
Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;
O sinfull thought, never so rich a Jem
Was set in worse then gold! They have in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell

Stampt in gold, but that's inculpt upon :
 But here an Angell in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key :
 Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
 Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell ! what have we here, a carrion death,
 Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule ;
 Ile reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told ;
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold ;
 Guilded timber doe wormes infold :
 Had you beene as wise as bold,
 Tong in limbe, in judgement old,
 Your answere had not beene inscrold,
 Fareyouwell, your suite is cold.*

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
 Then farewell heate, and welcome frost :
Portia adew, I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave : thus loosers part.

Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance : draw the curtaines, go :
 Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt.

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* under sayle,
 With him is *Gratiano* gone along ;
 And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine *Jew* with outcries raised the Duke.
 Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was under saile ;
 But there the Duke was given to understand

That in a Gondilo were seene together

Lorenzo and his amorous *Jessica*.

Besides, *Anthony* certified the Duke

They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sol. I never heard a passion so confusd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dogge *Jew* did utter in the streets ;

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,

Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats !

Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter ;

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,

And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolne by my daughter : justice, finde the girle,

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sol. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,

Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Anthony* looke he keepe his day

Or he shall pay for this.

Sol. Marry well remembered,

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miscaried

A vessell of our countrey richly fraught :

I thought upon *Anthony* when he told me,

And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. Yo were best to tell *Anthony* what you heare.

Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieve him.

Sol. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,

I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthony* part,

Bassanio told him he would make some speede

Of his returne : he answered, doe not so,

Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,

But stay the very riping of the time,

And for the *Jewes* bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of love :
Be merry, and imploy your chieftest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there ;
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous sencible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heavinesse
With some delight or other.

Sal.

Doe we so.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerrissa and a Servitude.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.

Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd :
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoynd by oath to observe three things ;
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, never in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage :
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so have I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope : gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see :
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire :
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare ;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves :
And well said too ; for who shall goe about
To cōsen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignitie :
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer ;
How many then should cover that stand bare ?
How many be commanded that command ?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor ? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht : Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume deārt ; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it :
How much unlike art thou to *Portia* ?
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings ?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better ?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here ?

*The fier seaven times tried this,
Seaven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such have but a shadowes blisse :
There be fooles alive I wis
Silver'd o're, and so was this :
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So be gone, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath :
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriusa*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is thy Lady ?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets ;
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seene
So likely an Ambassador of love.
A day in Aprill never came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him :
Come, come *Nerryssa*, for I long to see
Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, love if thy will it be. .

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Antonio* hath a ship
of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas ; the Goodwins I
thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where
the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye buried, as they say, if my
gossips report be an honest woman of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt
Ginger, or made her neighbours beleewe she wept for the death of
a third husband : but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or
crossing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Antonio*,
the honest *Antonio* ; O that I had a title good enough to keepe
his name company !

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the divell crosse my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a Jew. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the divell may be her Judge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Jet and Ivorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish : but tell us, doe you heare whether *Antonio* have had anie losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce show his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was usd to come so smug upon the Mart : let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Usurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revenge ; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine

enemies, and what's the reason? I am a *Jewe*: Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke us doe we not bleede? if you tickle us, doe we not laugh? if you poison us doe we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humility, revenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why revenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Sal. We have beene up and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unlesse the divell himselfe turne *Jew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Sby. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genoewa*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Sby. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou losse upon losse; the theefe gone with so

much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tab. Yes, other men have ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats.

Tub. There came divers of *Antonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choosē but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not have given it for a wilderness of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all thcir traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,

There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie ;
But least you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choosè right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I never be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne : Beahrow your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and devided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say : but of mine then yours,
And so all yours ; O these naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (prove it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

Por. Upon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that uglie treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare the enjoying of my love :
There may as well be amitie and life,
"Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. I, but I feare you speake upon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and live.

Bass. Confesse and love
Had beene the verie sum of my confession :

O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance :
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will finde me out.
Neryssa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And watrie death-bed for him : he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch : Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more love
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wives :
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit : Goe Hercules,
Live thou, I live with much more dismay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musicke.

A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the Caskets to himselfe.

*Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart or in the head :
How begot, how nourished.
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies :*

Replie, replie.

Let us all ring Fancies knell.

Ile begin it.

Ding dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evill? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossenesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward searcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And these assume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snake golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the winde
Upon supposed faireness, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautilous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
 'Twene man and man : but thou, thou meager lead
 Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
 Thy palenesse moves me more then eloquence,
 And here choose I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
 As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire :
 And shuddring feare, and greene-eyed jealousy.
 O love be moderate, allay thy extasie,
 In measure raine thy joy, scant this excesse,
 I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
 For feare I surfeit.

Bas. What finde I here ?
 Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie God
 Hath come so neere creation ? move these eies ?
 Or whether riding on the bals of mine
 Seeme they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips
 Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
 Should sunder such sweet friends : here in her haire
 The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
 Faster then gnats in cobwebs : but her eies,
 How could he see to doe them ? having made one,
 Me thinkes it should have power to steale both his
 And leave it selfe unfurnisht : Yet looke how farre
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprising it, so farre this shadow
 Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
 The continent, and summarie of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view
 Chance as faire, and choose as true :
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content, and seeke no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kisse.*

Bass. A gentle scroule : Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies :
Hearing applause and universall shout,
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Untill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see my Lord *Bassiano* where I stand,
Such as I am ; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing : which to terme in grosse,
Is an unlessoned girle, unschooll'd, unpractiz'd.
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne : happier then this,
Shée is not bred so dull but she can learne ;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed ;
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my servants,

Queene ore my selfe : and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Maddam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, save of joy
Exprest, and not exprest : but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence.
O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish :
For I am sure you can wish none from me :
And when your Honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith : I doe beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours :
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid :
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you ;
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
For wooing heere untill I swet againe,

And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistresse.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand
ducata.

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bas. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Have power to bid you welcome : by your leave
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honor ; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have scene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee past all saying nay
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, unlesse it be in minde,

Nor wel, unlesse in minde : his Letter there
Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice ?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Antonio* ;
I know he wil be glad of our successe,
We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that hee hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassianos* cheekes,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?
With leave *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,

Heere are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines : I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true : and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse then nothing : for indeede
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And everie word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,
Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,



From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it : never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessi. When I was with him, I have heard him sweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him : and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and unwearied spirit
In doing curtesies : and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond :
Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend :
For never shall you lie by *Portias* side
With an unquiet soule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along.
My maid *Nerissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will live as maids and widdowes ; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day :
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might see you at my death : notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your love doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love ! dispatch all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to goe away,
I will make hast ; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt us twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Jaylor.

Jew. Jaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis*.
Jaylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok*.

Jew. Ile have my bond, speake not against my bond,
I have sworne an oath that I will have my bond :
Thou calld'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,

But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me justice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Jaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Jew. Ile have my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile have my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile have no speaking, I will have my bond.

Exit Jew.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commoditie that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greefes and losses have so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Jaylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit

Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
How deere a lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lymaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Antonio*
Being the bosome lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule:
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Untill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Untill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now layes upon you.

Lorenzo. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commanda.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Jessi. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you : faryouwell *Jessica.* *Exeunt.*

Now *Balibaser*, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still : take this same letter,
And use thou all the indeavor of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice ; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balib. Madam, I goe with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerissa*, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of ; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of us ?

Nerissa. Shall they see us ?

Portia. They shall *Nerissa* : but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke ; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.

I could not doe withall : then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them ;
And twentie of these punie lies Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole
Above a twelve moneth : I have within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men ?

Portia. Fie, what a questions that ?

If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter :
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Jessica.

Clown. Yes truly ; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter : therefore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that I pray thee ?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Jes. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother : thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother ; well, you are gone both waies.

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could wel live one by another : this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be

porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you say, heere he comes.

Loren. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Jes. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter: and hee saies you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the Negroes bellie: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How everie foole can play upon the word, I thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they have all stomachs?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to sir, onely cover is the word.

Loren. Will you cover than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant: I pray thee understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall bee covered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall governe.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory

An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter : how cheer'st thou *Jessca*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassiano's* wife ?

Jessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven ?
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one : there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that ?

Lor. I will anone, first let us goe to dinner ?

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomacke ?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serve for table talke,
Then how somere thou speakst 'mong other things,
I shall digest it ?

Jessi. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere ?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace ?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere
A stonie adversarie, an inhumane wretch,

Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course : but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his envies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and cal the Jew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to
That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice
To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and love :
Forgive a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his losses
That have of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe ;
And plucke commiseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborne Turkes and Tartars never traind
To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer Jew ?

Jew. I have possess your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne

To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducates
To have it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
Cannot containe their Urine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
As there is no firme reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.
Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kil the things they do not love?
Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Everie offence is not a hate at first.
Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the maine flood baite his usuall height,
Or even as well use question with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe :
You may as well forbid the Mountaine pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven :
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seeke to soften that, then which what harder ?
His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no farther meanes,
But with all brieft and plaine conveniencie
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six.

Jew. If everie Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates
Were in sixe parts, and every part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond ?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none ?

Jew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchast slave,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires ?
Why sweate they under burthens ? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours : and let their pallats
Be season'd with such Viands : you will answer
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me ; fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice ;
I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I have it ?

Du. Upon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Unlesse *Bellarion* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,

Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere staves without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du. Bring us the Letters. Call the Messengers.

Bass. Good cheere *Antonio*. What man, corage yet :
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me ;
You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
Then to live still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriusa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario* ?

Ner. From both.

My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy soale : but on thy soule harsh Jew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene : but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse
Of thy sharpe envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd :
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith ;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriish spirit
Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soule fleet ;
And whil'st thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
Infus'd it selfe in thee : For thy desires

Are Wolvish, bloody, sterv'd, and ravenous.

Jew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud :
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctör in our Court ;
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.

Y*Our Grace shall understand, that at the receite of your Letter I
am very sicke: but in the instant that your messenger came,
in loving visitation, was with me a young Doctör of Rome, his
name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in Controversie,
betweene the Jew and Anthonio the Merchant: We turn'd ore
many Bookes together: hee is furnished with my opinion, which
bettred with his owne learning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot
enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your
Graces request in my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be
no impediment to let him lacke a reverend estimation: for I never
knewe so yong a body, with so old a head. I leave him to your
gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctör come.
Give me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario* ?

Por. I did my Lord.

| *Du.* You are welcome: take your place ;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am inform'd thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

An. *Antonio* and our *Shylock*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylock*?

Jew. *Shylock* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

An. I, so he sees.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

An. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Majestic,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercie seasons Justice. Therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
'That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercie. I have spoke thus much
'To mitigate the justice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. Yea, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell divell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state : It cannot be.

Jew. A *Daniel* come to judgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Judge, how do I honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

Jew. Heere 'tis most reverend Doct^r, heere it is.

Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjurie upon my soule ?
No not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart ; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge :
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceede to judgement : By my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay heere on my bond.

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is :
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Jew. O noble Judge, O excellent yong man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond.

Jew. Tis verie true : O wise and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes ?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his brest,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge ?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so : Are there ballance heere to weigh the flesh ?

Jew. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.

Jew. It is not nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so exprest : but what of that ?
Twere good you do so much for charitie.

Jew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come Merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Ant. But little : I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.
Greeve not that I am false to this for you :
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is her custome. It is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingring penance

Of such miserie, doth she cut me off :
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the processe of *Antonio's* end :
Say how I lov'd you ; speake me faire in death :
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love :
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Jew do cut but deepe enough,
He pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Bas. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deare to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this devill, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Jew. These be the Christian husbands : I have a daughter
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Jew. Most rightfull Judge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth give thee heere no jot of blood,!

The words expresly are a pound of flesh :
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright Judge,
Marke Jew, O learned Judge.

Sby. Is that the law ?

Por. Thy selfe shall see the Act :
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Judge, mark Jew, a learned Judge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe.

Bass. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft, no haste,
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an upright Judge, a learned Judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a just pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the deviation of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
But in the estimation of a hayre,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel Jew*,
Now infidell I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Sby. Give me my principall, and let me goe.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, heere it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meerly justice and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,

I thanke thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Jew.

Shy. Why then the Devill give him good of it:
He stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the privie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may drive unto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house : you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can your render him *Antonio*?

Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing else for Gods sake.

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content : so he will let me have
The other halfe in use, to render it
Upon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christian :
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possess
Unto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant

The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Jew ? what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me.
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In christning thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

Exit.

Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth.

Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serves you not :
Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him,

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom beene this day acquitted
Of greivous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

An. And stand indebted over and above
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was never yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as fee : grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Give me your gloves, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this ?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to give you this.

Por. I wil have nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I have a minde to it.

Bas. There's more depends on this then on the vauw,
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bas. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow

That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That scute serves many men to save their gills,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me : well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

Ant. My L. Bassanio, let him have the ring,
Let his deservings and my love withall
Be valued against your wives commendement.

Bass. Goe Gratiano, run and over-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Unto *Antonius* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grat.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flee toward Belmont, come *Antonius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Jewes house out, give him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are wel ore-tane :
My L. Bassanio upon more advice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be ;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully
And so I pray you tell him : furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you :
Hee see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for ever.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But wee le out-face them, and out-sweare them to :
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troilus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Love
To come againe to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Jessica* steale from the wealthy Jewe,
And with an Unthrift Love did runne from Venice
As farre as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith

And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Jessi. I would out-night you did no body come :
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Mes. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend ? your name I pray you friend ?

Mes. *Stepbano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke hourea.

Loren. Who comes with her ?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid :

I pray you is my Master yet return'd ?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Jessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Sola, sola : wo ha ho, sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls ?

Cl. Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, & *M. Lorenzo*, sola, sola.

Lor. Leave hollowing man, heere.

Cl. Sola, where, where ?

Lor. Heere ?

Cl. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with his
horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning
sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.

And yet no matter : why should we goe in ?
My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes upon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie :
Sit *Jessica*, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins ;
Such harmonie is in immortal soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it :
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,
And draw her home with musicke.

Jessi. I am never merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musicke.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceive them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musicke : therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoylea,
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections darke as *Erebus*,
 Let no such man be trusted : marke the musicke.

Enter Portio and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :
 How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle ?

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
 A substitute shines brightly as a King
 Untill a King be by, and then his state
 Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
 Into the maine of waters : musique, harke.

Musicke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
 Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day ?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the larke
 When neither is attended : and I thinke
 The Nightingale if she should sing by day
 When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a Musitian then the Wren :
 How many things by season, season'd are
 To their right praise, and true perfection :
 Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
 And would not be awak'd.

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the Cuckow
 by the bad voice ?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home.

Por. We have bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavie husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thanke you Madam, give welcom to my friend.
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaiht I gave it to the Judges Clearke,

Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Love so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe already, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife; *Love mee, and leave mee not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the vawlew:
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have beene respectiue and have kept it.
Gave it a Judges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he live to be a man.

Nerrissa. I, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wives first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him sweare
Never to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkinde a cause of greefe,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deserv'd it too : and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my Lord ?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me,

Bass. If I could adde a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it : but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I wil nere come in your bed
Until I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure ?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gave the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring :
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale : wanted the modestie
To urge the thing held as a ceremonie :
Nerissa teaches me what to beleewe,
He die for't, but some Woman had the Ring ?

Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a civill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,

And beg'd the Ring ; the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away :
Even he that had held up the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady ?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would have beg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthie Doctor ?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile have the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke : therefore be well advis'd
How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so : let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th'unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bas. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that ?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe :

In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit,

Bas. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith advisedlie.

Por. Then you shall be his suretie : give him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it off him : pardon *Bassanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And but ev'n now return'd : I have not yet
Entred my house. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in store for you
Then you expect : unseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.
You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Antio. I am dumbe.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. I, but the Clark that never meanes to doe it,
Unlesse he live untill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Ladie) you have given me life & living;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There doe I give to you and *Jessica*
From the rich Jewe, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us goe in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act V, Sc. 1.



As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother

Jaques he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieves me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore unworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliver. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your comming before me is neerer to his reverence.

Oli. What Boy.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast railed on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have lost my teeth in your service: God be with my olde master, he would not have spoke such a word.

Ex. Orl. Ad.

Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow upon me? I will physicke your ranckenesse, and yet give no thousand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler heere to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounsier *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure loving Lords, have put them-

selves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cba. O no: for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that hee would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloved of her Uncle, then his owne daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cba. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cba. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given sir secretly to understand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and have by under-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of *France*, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriver against mee his naturall brother: therefore use

thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous devise, and never leave thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day living. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile give him his payment: if ever hee goe alone againe, Ile never wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship.

Exit.

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble devise, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about.

Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Deere *Cellia*; I show more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: unlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou lov'st mee not with the full waight that I love thee; if my Uncle thy banished father had banished

thy Uncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine ; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to have ; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire ; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection : by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster : therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and devise sports : let me see, what thinke you of falling in Love ?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall : but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Ros. What shall be our sport then ?

Cel. Let us sit and mocke the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Ros. I would wee could doe so : for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay now thou goest from *Fortunes* office to *Natures* : *Fortune* reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of *Nature*.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No ; when *Nature* hath made a faire creature, may she not by *Fortune* fall into the fire ? though nature hath given us wit to flout at *Fortune*, hath not *Fortune* sent in this foole to cut off the argument ?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiveth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone: for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clo. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now unmuzzle your wisdomé.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knaverie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he never had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before ever he saw those Pan-cakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loves.

Ros. My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles have was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men have makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu*.

Enter a Fool.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Col. Which he will put in us as *Pigeons* feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news—*that's* it.

Col. All the better: we shall be more *Marcellian*. *Ben-jon* *Muscat* is *Ben*, what's the news?

Le Ben. Fine Princess.

you have lost much good sport.

Col.

Sport: of what colour?

Le Ben. What colour *Maiden*? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Ch. Or as the destinies decree.

Col. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Ch. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Ros. Then loosest thy old smell.

Le Ben. You amaze me *Ladies*: I would have told you of good wrangling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the Wrangling.

Le Ben. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your *Ladiships*, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and here where you are, they are coming to performe it.

Col. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Ben. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Col. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Ben. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne unto all men by their presents.

Le Ben. The eldest of the three, wrestled with *Charles* the *Dukes* *Wrangler*, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he wrv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the puxie old man their Father, making such pittiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully.

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you give us leave.

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moove him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer *Le Beau.*

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares : you have seene cruell prooffe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your judgment, the feare of your adventure would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall ; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious : if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me : the world no injurie, for in it I have nothing : onely in the world I fil up a place, which may bee better supplied, when I have made it emptie.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well : praie heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Cba. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after : you should not have mockt me before : but come your waies.

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Wrastle.

Ros. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should
downe. *Shout.*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou *Charles*?

Le Beau. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie :

What is thy name yong man ?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland de Boys*.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did finde him still mine enemy :

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deede,

Hadst thou descended from another house :

But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,

I would thou had'st told me of another Father. *Exit Duke.*

Cel. Were I my Father (*Coze*) would I do this ?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.

Ros. My Father lov'd Sir *Roland* as his soule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should have given him teares unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cosen,

Let us goe thanke him, and encourage him :

My Fathers rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart : Sir, you have well deserv'd,

If you doe keepe your promises in love ;

But justly as you have exceeded all promise,

Your Mistris shall be happie.

Ros. Gentleman,

Weare this for me : one out of suites with fortune

That could give more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze ?

Cel. I : fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you ? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintine, a meere lifelesse blocke.

Ros. He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes,
He aske him what he would : Did you call Sir ?
Sir, you have wrastled well, and overthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze ?

Ros. Have with you : fare you well.

Exit.

Orl. What passion hangs these waights upon my toong ?
I cannot speake to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poore *Orlando* ! thou art overthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leave this place ; Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love ;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you have done :
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceive, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir ; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loves
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters :
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke

Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake ;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth : Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.
Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.
But heavenly *Rosaline*.

Exit.

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why *Rosaline* : *Cupid* have mercie, Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs,
throw some of them at me ; come lame mee with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cosens laid up, when the one
should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childees Father : Oh how full
of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne upon thee in holiday
foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-
coates will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my
heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrestler then my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you : you will trie in time in dispiht of a fall : but turning these jests out of service, let us talke in good earnest : Is it possible on such a sodaine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir *Roulands* yongest sonne ?

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his Sonne deerelie ? By this kinde of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father deerely ; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Mistria, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Uncle.

Duk. You Cousen,
Within these ten daies if that thou beest found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me :
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it selfe ;
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highnesse banisht him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige mistake me not so much,
To thinke my povertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Sovereigne heare me speake.

Duk. I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoere we went, like *Junos* Swans,
Still we went coupl'd and inseperable.

Duk. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verie silence, and her patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irrevocable is my doombe,
Which I have past upon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot live out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice provide your selfe,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die. *Exit Duke, &c.*

Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe?

Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd then I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therefore devise with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with us,
And doe not seeke to take your change upon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrowes pale;
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ros. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Uncle in the Forrest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maides as we are) to travell forth so farre?
Beautie provoketh theeves sooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of umber smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele have a swashing and a marshall outside,
As manie other mannish cowards have,
That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?

Ros. Ile have no worse a name then *Joves* owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.
But what will you by call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court :
Would he not be a comfort to our travaile ?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to woe him ; Let's away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuite that will be made
After my flight : now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke Senior : Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forresters.

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile :
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
Then that of painted pompe ? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court ?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes upon my body
Even till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery : these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am :
Sweet are the uses of adversitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,

Weares yet a precious Jewell in his head :
 And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
 Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
 That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill us venison ?
 And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
 Being native Burgers of this desert City,
 Should in their owne confines with forked heads
 Have their round hanches goard.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
 The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
 And in that kinde swears you doe more usurpe
 Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
 Did steale behinde him as he lay along
 Under an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
 Upon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
 To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
 That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
 Did come to languish ; and indeed my Lord
 The wretched animall heav'd forth such groanes
 That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
 Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
 In pitteous chase : and thus the hairie foole,
 Much marked of the melancholie *Jaques*,
 Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
 Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what said *Jaques* ?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
 First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame :

Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much: then being there alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
 'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
 The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never staies to greet him: I quoth *Jaques*,
 Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
 'Tis just the fashon; wherefore doe you looke
 Upon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most invecively he pierceth through
 The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are meere usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
 To fright the Annimals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

D. Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing Deere.

Du Sen. Show me the place,
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

1. Lor. Ile bring you to him strait.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
 The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
 Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,

They found the bed treasure'd of their Mistria.

2. *Lar.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hesperia the Princess Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrestler
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
And she beleeves where ever they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither.
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
He make him finde him : do this sodainly ;
And let not search and inquisition quaille,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there ?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland* ; why, what make you here ?
Why are you vertuous ? Why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond to over come
The bonnie praiser of the humorous Duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies,
No more doe yours : your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you :
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that beares it ?

Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappie youth,
Come not within these doores : within this rooffe
The enimie of all your graces lives
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you use to lye,
And you within it : if he faile of that
He will have other meanes to cut you off;
I overheard him : and his practises :
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie ;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'st thou have me go?

Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou have me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theevish living on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do :
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not so : I have five hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I saved under your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feede,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age : here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,

Nor did not with unbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindly ; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the service of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessaities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweate for dutie, not for meede :
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And having that do choake their service up,
Even with the having, it is not so with thee :
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie.
But come thy waies, wee le goe along together,
And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent,
Wee le light upon some setled low content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seaventie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seaventeene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias
Touchstone.*

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my spirits ?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.

Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman : but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it selfe coragious to petty-coate ; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you : yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thinke you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ros. I, be so good *Touchstone* : Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

Cor. I partly guesse : for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I thinke did never man love so :
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then never love so hartily,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phoebe*, *Phoebe*, *Phoebe*.

Exit.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would, I have by hard adventure found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine : I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Jane Smilke*, and I remember the kissing of her botler, and the Cowes daga that her prettie chopt hands had milke'd ; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giving her them againe, said with weeping teares, weare these for my sake : wee that are true Lovers, runne into strange capers ; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in love, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it.

Ros. *Jove*, *Jove*, this Shepherds passion,
Is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with mee.

Cd. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will give us any foode,
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla ; you Clowne.

Ros. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elae are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace I say ; good even to your friend.

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prethee Shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed :
Here's a yong maid with travaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,

And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releve her :
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze :
My master is of churliah disposition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on : but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pastures ?

Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages :
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold :
Go with me, if you like upon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Jaques, & others.

Song.

*Under the greene wood tree,
who loves to lye with mee,*

*And turne his merrie Note,
unto the sweet Birds throte :
Come hitber, come hitber, come hitber :
Heere shall be see noemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pre'thee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. I thanke it : More, I prethee more,
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel suckes egges : More, I pre'thee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing :
Come, more, another stanza : Cal you'em stanza's ?

Amy. What you wil Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing.
Wil you sing ?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thanke any man, Ile thanke you : but
that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes.
And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I have given him
a penie, and he renders me the beggerly thankea. Come sing ;
and you that wil not hold your tongues.

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, cover the while, the
Duke wil drinke under this tree ; he hath bin al this day to
looke you.

Jaq. And I have bin all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputeable for my companie :
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.
Who doth ambition sbunne,
and loves to live i'th Sunne :

*Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets :
Come hitber, come hitber, come hitber,
Heere shall be see, &c.*

Jaq. Ile give you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Invention.

Amy. And Ile sing it.

Amy. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse :
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :
Heere shall be see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.*

Amy. What's that Ducdame ?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greeke invocation to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can : if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further :
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my grave. Farwel kinde master.

Orl. Why how now *Adam* ? No greater heart in thee :
Live a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this uncouth Forrest yeeld any thing savage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee.
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while

At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I wil give thee leave to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'st cheereely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there live any thing in this Desert.
Cheereely good *Adam*.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du Sen. If he compact of jarres, grow Musicall,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheares:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Jaques.

1. *Lord.* He saves my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Jaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do live by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.

Good morrow foole (quoth I :) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heaven hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke :
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggas :
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleven,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplative :
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole : Motley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this ?

Jaq. O worthe Foole : One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They have the gift to know it : and in his braine,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage : He hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq.

It is my onely suite,

Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles have :
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh : And why sir must they so ?

The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church :
Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Even by the squandring glances of the foole.
Invest me in my motley: Give me leave
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Most mischeevous foule sin, in chiding sin :

For thou thy selfe hast been a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe.
And all th'imbossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any private party :
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I say the City woman beares
The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his braverie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe : if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Jaq. Why I have eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Jaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you have?
Your gentlesse shall force, more then your force
Move us to gentlesse.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table.

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin savage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If ever you have look'd on better dayes:
If ever beene where bells have knoll'd to Church:
If ever sate at any good mans feast:
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied
Let gentlesse my strong enforcement be,

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we have seene better dayes,
And have with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred :
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take upon command, what helpe we have
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while :
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And give it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure love : till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake evils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappie :
This wide and universall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ja. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere Players ;
They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes :
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
Unwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jelous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,

Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Even in the Canons mouth : And then, the Justice,
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formall cut,
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
 And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
 Into the leane and alipper'd Pantalooone,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 His youthfull hose well sav'd, a world too wide,
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
 Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventfull historie,
 Is second childishnesse, and meere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du. Sen. Welcome : set downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede,
 I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too : I wil not trouble you,
 As yet to question you about your fortunes :
 Give us some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
 Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude
 Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not scene,
 although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly,
 Most friendship, is sayning ; most Loving, meere folly :
 The heigh ho, the holly,
 This Life is most jolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot :
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither : I am the Duke
That lov'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Cave, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is :
Support him by the arme : give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present : but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle : bring him dead, or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a living in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this :
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores

And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and Lands:
 Do this expediently, and turne him going.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witness of my love,
 And thou thrice crowned Queene of night survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare above
 Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
 And in their barks my thoughts Ile character,
 That everie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
 Shall see thy vertue witness every where.
 Run, run *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,
 The faire, the chaste, and unexpressive shee.

Exit.

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life *Mr Touchstone*?

Clow. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher.
Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good maners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaviour of the Countrey is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be uncleanlie if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow agen: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you have us kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Civet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie uncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, envie no mans happinesse: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke.

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the divell himselfe will have no shepherds, I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Heere comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Mistrisses Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the east to westerne Inde,
 no jewel is like *Rosalinde*,
 Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
 through all the world beares *Rosalinde*.
 All the pictures fairest Linde,
 are but blacke to *Rosalinde*:
 Let no face bee kept in mind,
 but the faire of *Rosalinde*.

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womans ranke to Market.

Ros. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lache a Hinde,
 Let him seeke out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
 so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be kinde,
 so must slender Rosalinde:

*They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut, bath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loves pricke, & Rosalinde.*

This is the verie false gallop of Verse, why doe you infect your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You have said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this Desert bee,
for it is unpeopled?* *Noe:*

*Tonges Ile hang on everie tree,
that shall civill sayings shooe.*

*Some, how brieft the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,*

*That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.*

*Some of violated vowes,
twixt the soules of friend, and friend:*

*But upon the fairest bowes,
or at everie sentence end;*

*Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quintessence of everie sprite,
heaven would in little show.*

*Therefore heaven Nature charg'd,
 that one bodie should be fill'd
 With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
 nature presently distill'd
 Helens cheek, but not his heart,
 Cleopatra's Majestie :
 Attalanta's better part,
 sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
 Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
 by Heavenly Synode was devis'd,
 Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
 to have the touches dearest pris'd.
 Heaven would that shee these gifts should have,
 and I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homilie of Love have you wearied your parishioners withall, and never cri'de, have patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends : Shepheard, go off a little : go with him sirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let us make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses ?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Col. That's no matter : the feet might beare the verses.

Ros. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came : for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree ; I was never so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck : change you colour?

Ros. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete ; but Mountaines may bee remoov'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ros. Good my complection, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discoverie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake space : I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle : either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankfull : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript up the *Wrastlers* heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the divell take mocking : speake sadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith (*Coz*) tis he.

Ros. *Orlando*?

Cel. *Orlando*.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrestled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolve the propositions of a Lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ros. It may wel be cal'd Joves tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curvettes unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake; sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ros. 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him.

Jaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as lief have beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had I : but yet for fashion sake
I thanke you too, for your societie.

Jaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Love-songs
in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verses with reading them
ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalinde* is your loves name ?

Orl. Yes, Just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was
christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of ?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are ful of pretty answers : have you not bin acquainted
with goldsmiths wives, & cond the mout of rings.

Orl. Not so : but I answer you right painted cloath, from
whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit ; I thinke twas made of *Attalanta's*
heelles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile
against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie.

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe against
whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault, I will not change, for your best vertue : I am
wearie of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall
see him.

Jaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Jaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure : Adieu good Monsieur
Melancholly.

Ros. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lucky, and under that habit play the knave with him, do you hear Forrester.

Orl. Verie wel, what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what i'st a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ros. Then there is no true Lover in the Forrest, else sighing everie minute and groaning everie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ros. By no meanes sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: He tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands stil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withall?

Ros. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seven yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withall?

Ros. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowne: for the one sleepes easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he fees no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heave tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withall?

Ros. With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staires it stil withall?

Ros. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ros. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Unckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in love. I have heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, everie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ros. No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with carving *Rosalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades upon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) deifying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seemes to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Love-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Ros. There is none of my Unckles markes upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Ros. A leane cheek, which you have not: a blew eie and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard, is a younger brothers revennew) then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoo

untide, and everie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation : but you are no such man ; you are rather point device in your accoustrements, as loving your selfe, then seeming the Lover of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleieve I Love.

Ros. Me beleieve it ? You may as soone make her that you Love beleieve it, which I warrant she is apter to do then to confesse she do's : that is one of the points, in the which women stil give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired ?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rimes speak ?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ros. Love is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, deserves as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in love too : yet I professe curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Love, his Mistris : and I set him everie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, ful of teares, full of smiles ; for everie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loath him : then entertaine him, then forswear him : now weepe for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my Sutor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madnes which was to forswear the ful stream of the world, and to live in a nooke meerly Monastick : and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take upon mee to wash your Liver as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come everie day to my Coat, and woe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my love, I will ; Tel me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you : and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you live : Wil you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind* : Come sister, will you go ?

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Jaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch up your Goates, *Audrey* : and how *Audrey* am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us : what features ?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ovid* was among the Gothes.

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Jove in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be understood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, understanding : it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome : truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetically.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is : is it honest in deed and word : is it a true thing ?

Clo. No trulie : for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Lovers are given to Poetrie : and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Lovers, they do feigne.

Aud. Db you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetical ?

Clo. I do truly : for thou swear'st to me thou art honest : Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not have me honest ?

Clo. No truly, unlesse thou wert hard favour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a sawce to Sugar.

Jaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie uppon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an uncleane dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse, sluttishnesse may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, even so poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch us heere under this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to give the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Jaq. Proceed, proceede : Ile give her.

Clo. Good even good Mr what ye cal't : how do you Sir, you are verie well met : goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, even a toy in hand heere Sir : Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Wil you be married, Motley ?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

Jaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a bush like a begger ? Get you to church, and have a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but joyne you together, as they joyne Wainacot, then one of you wil prove a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel : and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leave my wife.

Jaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come sweete *Audrey*,
We must be married, or we must live in baudrey :
Farewel good Mr *Oliver* : Not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*
leave me not behind thee : But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter ; Ne're a fantastical knave of them all shal flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Never talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do, I prethee, but yet have the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weepe.

Ros. His very haire
Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Judasses:
Marrie his kisses are Judasses owne children.

Ros. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Chessenut was ever the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a Nun of
winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, the very yce of
chastity is in them.

Rosa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning,
and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer,
but for his verity in love, I doe thinke him as concave as a covered
goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of a Lover is no stronger
then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmers of false
reckonings, he attends here in the forrest on the Duke your
father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with
him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as
good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee
of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a brave man, hee writes brave verses, speakes
brave words, swears brave oathes, and breakes them bravely,

quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puisny Tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose ; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides : who comes heere ?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you have oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,
Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well : and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Love,
And the red glowe of scorne and proud disdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Ros. O come, let us remove,
The sight of Lovers feedeth those in love :
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
Ile prove a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterneesse ; the common executioner
Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon : will you sterner be
Then he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Pbe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not injure thee :

Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
 That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
 Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :
 Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe,
 Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
 Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers :
 Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scarre of it : Leane upon a rush
 The Cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palme some moment keepes : but now mine eyes
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
 That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,
 If ever (as that ever may be neere)
 You meet in some freshe cheeke the power of fancie,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That Loves keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
 Come not thou neere me : and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not,
 As till that time I shall not pittie thee.

Ros. And why I pray you ? who might be your mother
 That you insult, exult, and all at once
 Over the wretched ? what though you have no beauty
 As by my faith, I see no more in you
 Then without Candle may goe darke to bed :
 Must you be therefore proud and pittilesse ?
 Why what meanes this ? why do you looke on me ?
 I see no more in you then in the ordinary

Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too :
No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheekes of creame
That can entame my spirits to your worship :
You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you
That make the world full of ill-favourd children :
'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can show her :
But Mistria, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heaven, fasting, for a good mans love ;
For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets :
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Pbe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees false in love with your foulnesse, & shee'll
Fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce
Her with bitter words : why looke you so upon me ?

Pbe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with mee,
For I am falseer then vowes made in wine :
Besides, I like you not : if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by :
Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard :
Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.

Come, to our flocke.

Exit.

Phe. Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.

Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where ever sorrow is, reliefe would be:

If you doe sorrow at my grieve in love,
By giving love your sorrow, and my grieve
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetousnesse:

Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee love,
But since that thou canst talke of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine harvest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile live upon.

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yerewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I love him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well

When he that speakes them pleases those that heare :
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him ;
Hee'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion : and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it up :
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall :
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well :
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke : 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Silvius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in love with him : but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not : and yet,
Have more cause to hate him then to love him.
For what had he to doe to chide at me ?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me :
I marvell why I answer'd not agine,
But that's all one : omittance is no quittance :
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius* ?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. Ile write it strait :
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short ;
Goe with me *Silvius*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I doe love it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every moderne censure, worse then drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musicians, which is fantasticall: nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Lovers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my travells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

Ros. A Traveller: by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I feare you have sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to have seene much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poore hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to travaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

Jaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Traveller: looke you lipe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of love with your nativitie, and almost chide God for making

you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce thinke you have swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you bin all this while ? you a lover ? and you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in love ? hee that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a *Snaile*.

Orl. Of a *Snaile* ?

Ros. I, of a *Snaile* : for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head ; a better joyncture I thinke then you make a woman : besides, he brings his destinie with him.

Orl. What's that ?

Ros. Why, *horns* : which such as you are faine to be beholding to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue is no *horne-maker* : and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Orl. It pleases him to call you so : but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Ros. Come, wooe me, wooe mee : for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent : What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind* ?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were gravel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse : verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking (God warne us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mistris?

Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite: Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a love cause: *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men have died from time to time, and wormes have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie us: give me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*:

Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might aske you for your Commission,

But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will bee more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cockepidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Ros. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else shee could not have the wit to doe this: the wiser,

the waywarder : make the doores upon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement : shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole : stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wil't ?

Ros. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have, to excuse that ?

Rosa. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there : you shall never take her without her answer, unlesse you take her without her tongue : O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, deere love, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Ros. I, goe your waies, goe your waies : I knew what you would prove, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse : that flattering tongue of yours wonne me : 'tis but one cast away, and so come death : two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one jot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the unfaithfull : therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind* : so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the olde Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try : adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sexe in your love-prate : we

must have your doublet and hose pluckt over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in love: but it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge, how deepe I am in love: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

What shall he have that kild the Deare?

His Leather skin, and borneyes to weare:

Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;

Take thou no scorne to weare the borne,

It was a crest ere thou wast borne,

*Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The borne, the borne, the lusty borne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.*

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, & troubled brain,

Enter Silvius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To sleepe : looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me give you this :
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did use, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure ; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all :
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phenix : od's my will,
Her love is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me ? well Shepheard, well,
This is a letter of your owne device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,

A freestone coloured hand : I verily did thinke
That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands :
She has a huswives hand, but that's no matter :
I say she never did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers : why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian : womans gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance : will you heare the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet :
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Ros. She *Phebes* me : marke how the tyrant writes.

Reads. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd ?*

That a maidens heart hath burn'd.

Can a woman raile thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*
War'st thou with a womans heart ?
Did you ever heare such railing ?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.

If the scorne of your bright eie
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in milde aspect ?
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your prayers move ?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knowes this Love in me :
And by him seale up thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde

*Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love denie,
And then Ile studie how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ros. Doe you pittie him? No, he deserves no pittie: wilt thou love such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines upon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Love hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Oliv. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know)
Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tougue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall favour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: best the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Ol. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Ol. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell : he threw his eye aside,
And marke what object did present it selfe
Under an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie :
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back ; about his necke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth : but sodainly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, under which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with udders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre ; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead :
This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnaturall
That liv'd mongst men.

Ol. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was unnaturall.

Ros. But to *Orlando* : did he leave him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse ?



Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler ever then revenge,
And Nature stronger then his just occasion,
Made him give battell to the Lyonesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt us two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I brieve, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brothers love,
Who led me instantly unto his Cave,
There stript himselfe, and heere upon his arme
The Lyonesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting upon *Rosalinde*.
Brieve, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Died in this blood, unto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither :

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth : you a man ?

You lacke a mans heart.

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it :

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited : heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I doe, but yfaith, I should have beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler : pray you draw home-wards : good sir, goe with us.

Oli. That will I : for I must beare answere backe

How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind.*

Ros. I shall devise something : but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him : will you goe ? *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie.*

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemen saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Martext*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis : he hath no interest in mee in the world : here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee bee cover'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Five and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. Faith sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I have a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better understanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,
I attend.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? And loving woo? and wooing, she should graunt? and will you perseuer to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the povertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine woing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I love *Aliena*: say with her, that she loves mee; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the revennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate upon you, and heere live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I

Invite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,

Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ros. God save you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeves me to see thee
weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes
of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to sound,
when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was never
any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cesars*
Thrasonically bragge of I came, saw, and overcome. For your
brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner
look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner
sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the
reason, but they sought the remedie; and in these degrees, have
they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe
incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage; they are in
the verie wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot
part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the
Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke
into happines through another mans eies: by so much the more
shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavinesse, by how
much I shal thinke my brother happie, in having what he wishes
for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serve your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeve then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have since I was three yeare old conversed with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best aray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter Silvius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentlenesse, To shew the letter that I wrot to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my studie To seeme despightfull and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithful shepheard, Looke upon him, love him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares, And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, dutie, and observance,
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all observance :
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phebe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to love
you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish
Wolves against the Moone : I will helpe you if I can : I would
love you if I could : To morrow meet me altogether : I wil
marrie you, if ever I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to
morrow : I will satisfie you, if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall
bee married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you
contents you, and you shal be married to morrow : As you love
Rosalind meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman,
Ile meet : so fare you wel : I have left you commanda.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

*Scena Tertia.**Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

Cl. To morrow is the joyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart : and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world? Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met honest Gentleman.

Cl. By my troth well met : come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

*It was a Lover, and his lasse,
 With a bey, and a bo, and a bey nonino.
 That o're the greene corne feild did passe,
 In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.
 When Birds do sing, bey ding a ding, ding.
 Sweet Lovers love the spring,
 And therefore take the present time.
 With a bey, & a bo, and a bey nonino,
 For love is crowned with the prime,
 In spring time, &c.*

*Betweene the acres of the Rie,
 With a bey, and a bo, & a bey nonino :
 These prettie Country folks would lie,
 In spring time, &c.*



*This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino :
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.*

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the dittie, yet the note was very untunable.

1. *Pa.* You are deceiv'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes : I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices.
Come *Audrie.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleeve *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orl. I sometimes do beleeve, and somtimes do not,
As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd :
You say, If I bring in your *Rosalinde*,
You wil bestow her on *Orlando* heere ?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with hir.

Ros. And you say you wil have her, when I bring hir ?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

Ros. You say you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marrie me,
You'l give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ros. You say that you'l have *Phoebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even :
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours *Orlando*, to receive his daughter :
Keepe you your word *Phoebe*, that you'l marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard :
Keepe your word *Silvius*, that you'l marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go

To make these doubts all even.

Exit Ros. and Celia.

Du. Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his unckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian,

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Jaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are
comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie strange
beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome : This is the Motley-
minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forrest : he
hath bin a Courtier he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation,
I have trod a measure, I have flattred a Lady, I have bin politicke
with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I have undone three
Tailors, I have had foure quarrels, and like to have fought
one.

Jaq. And how was that tane up ?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the
seventh cause.



Jag. How seventh cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatives to sweare, and to forswear, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-favor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious.

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jag. But for the seventh cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lye, seven times removed: (beare your bodie more seeming *Audry*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome: and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

Jag. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial: nor he durst not give me the lye direct: and so wee measur'd swords, and parted.

Jag. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you have bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fifth, the Counter checke quarrelsome: the sixth, the Lye with

circumstance : the seaventh, the Lye direct : all these you may avoyd, but the Lye direct : and you may avoide that too, with an If. I knew when seven Justices could not take up a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If ; as if you saide so, then I saide so : and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker : much vertue in if.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord ? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made eaven
attone together.*

*Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Tea brought her bether.*

*That thou mightst joyne hir hand with his,
Whose heart twithin his bosome is.*

Ros. To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.
To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my love adieu.

Ros. Ile have no Father, if you be not he :

Ile have no Husband, if you be not he :

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa : I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To joyne in *Hymens* bands,

If truth holds true contents,
 You and you, no crosse shall part ;
 You and you, are hart in hart :
 You, to his love must accord,
 Or have a Woman to your Lord.
 You and you, are sure together,
 As the Winter to fowle Weather :
 Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
 Feede your selves with questioning :
 That reason, wonder may diminish
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

*Wedding is great Junos crowne,
 O blessed bond of boord and bed :
 'Tis Hymen peoples everie towne,
 High wedlock then be honored :
 Honor, bigb honor and renowne
 To Hymen, God of everie Towne.*

Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
 Even daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Pbe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
 Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two :
 I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
 That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that everie day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
 Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
 In his owne conduct, purposely to take
 His brother heere, and put him to the sword :
 And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came ;
 Where, meeting with an old Religious man,

After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world :
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. Sc. Welcome yong man :
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding :
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let us do those ends
That heere were well begun, and wel begot :
And after, every of this happie number
That have endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with us,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Revelrie :
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to'th Measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. *Bro.* He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd :
You to your former Honor, I bequeath
Your patience, and your vertue, well deserves it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit :
You to your land, and love, and great allies :
You to a long, and well-deserved bed :
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd : So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du. Sc. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I : what you would have,
He stay to know, at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed : wee'l begin these rights,
As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit.*

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue : but it is no more unhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes : and good playes prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues : What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play ? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to conjure you, and He begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the love you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you : And I charge you (O men) for the love you beare to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not : And I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell.

Exit.

FINIS.







THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Sc. III.



THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.

B Le pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues.

Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard*

Conqueror : therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world slide : *Sessa.*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst ?

Beg. No, not a deniere : go by S. *Jeronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy : Let him come, and kindly.

Falles asleepe.

Winde bornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imbest,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunts. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried upon it at the meerest losse,

And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccbo* were as fleet,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such :
But sup them well, and looke unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he
breath?

2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with
Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image :
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes : Rings put upon his fingers :
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himself?

1. *Hun.* Beleeve me Lord, I thinke he cannot chooe.

2. *H.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest :
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete :
Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound :
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissive reverence)
Say, what is it your Honor wil command :
Let one attend him with a silver Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer : the third a Diaper,

And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
 Some one be readie with a costly suite,
 And aske him what apparrel he will weare :
 Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
 And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,
 Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
 And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
 For he is nothing but a mightie Lord :
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
 It wil be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. *Hunts.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
 As he shall thinke by our true diligence
 He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
 And each one to his office when he wakes, *Sound trumpets.*
 Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
 Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
 (Travelling some journey) to repose him heere.

Enter Servingman.

How now ? who is it ?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
 That offer service to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere :
 Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night ?

2. *Player.* So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
 Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well :
 I have forgot your name : but sure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meaneas.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent :

Well you are come to me in happie time,

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a Lord will heare you play to night ;

But I am doubtfull of your modesties,

Least (over-eying of his odde behaviour,

For yet his honor never heard a play)

You breake into some merrie passion,

And so offend him : for I tell you sirs,

If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selves,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And give them friendly welcome everie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoordas.

Exit one with the players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,

And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie :

That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,

And call him Madam, do him obeisance :

Tell him from me (as he will win my love)

He beare himselfe with honourable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies

Unto their Lords, by them accomplished,

Such dutie to the drunkard let him do :

With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,

And say : What is't your Honor will command,

Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,

May shew her dutie, and make knowne her love.

And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosome

Bid him shed teares, as being over-joyed

To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
 Who for this seven yeares hath esteemed him
 No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
 And if the boy have not a womans guift
 To raine a shower of commanded teares,
 An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
 Which in a Napkin (being close convei'd)
 Shall in despight enforce a waterie cie:
 See this despatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
 Anon Ile give thee more instructions. *Exit a servingman.*
 I know the boy will wel usurpe the grace,
 Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
 I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant,
 Ile in to counsell them; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merrie spleene,
 Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason
 and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.*

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. *Ser.* Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?

2. *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserves?

3. *Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day?

Beg. I am *Christophers Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you give me any Conserves, give me conserves of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I have no more doublets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then shooes, or such shooes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor.

O that a mightie man of such descent,

Of such possessions, and so high esteeme

Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Slic*, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for sheere Ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christendome. What I am not bestraught: here's—

3. *Man.* O this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

2. *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.

Wilt thou have Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick.*
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd up for Semiramia.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,
Their harness studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as swift
As breathed Stags, I fleeter then the Roe.

2. *M.* Dost thou love pictures? we wil fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As livelie painted, as the deede was done.

3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shal sad *Apollo* weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1. *Man.* And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious flouds ore-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet shee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet savours, and I feele soft things:
Upon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:
Oh how we joy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fiftene yeeres you have bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fiftene yeeres, by my say, a goodly nap,
But did I never speake of all that time.

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile upon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,

Because she brought stone-Jugs, and no seal'd quarts :
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.

3. *Man.* Why sir you know no house, nor no such maide,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen She*, and old *John Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord ?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife ?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her ?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband ?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. *Ake* Madam, or *Jane* Madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies.

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fiftene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, servants leave me and her alone :
Madam undresse you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two :
Or if not so, untill the Sun be set.

For your Physitians have expressly charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long : But I
would be loth to fall into my dreames againe : I wil therefore carrie
in despite of the flesh & the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comontie, a
Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trickes ?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

Beg. What, houshold stuffe.

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'l see't :

Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie servant well approv'd in all,
Heere let us breath, and haply institute

A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world :
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio's sonne, brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes :
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with sacketie seekes to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine :
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so devote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ovid* ; be an out-cast quite abjur'd :
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you have,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie use, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serves you :
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane :
In briebe sir, studie what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou advise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readinesse,

And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this ?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome us to Towne.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca,
Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortensio sister to Bianca.*

Lucen. Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know :
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder :
If either of you both love *Katherina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife ?

Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that ?
No mates for you,
Unlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. I'faith sir, you shall never neede to feare,
I wis it is not halfe way to her heart :
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and use you like a foole.

Hor. From all such divels, good Lord deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Husht master, heres some good pastime toward ;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.

Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behaviour and sobrietie.

Peace *Tranio*.

Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee nere the lesse my girle.

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye, and she
knew why.

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerva* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorrise am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.

Gre. Why will you mew her up
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentlemen content ye : I am resovld :
Go in *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Preferre them hither : for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing up,
And so farewell : *Katherina* you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*.

Exit.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not ?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave ? Ha.

Exit.

Gre. You may go to the divels dam : your guifts are so good
heere's none will holde you : Their love is not so great *Hortensio*,

but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the love I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both: that we may yet againe have accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a divell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a divell: Think'st thou *Hortensio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse everie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then have too't afresh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible

That love should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idely I stood looking on,

I found the effect of love in idlenesse,

And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee

That art to me as secret and as deere

As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was :

Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,

If I atchieve not this yong modest gyrl :

Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst :

Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,

Affection is not rated from the heart :

If love have touch'd you, naught remains but so,

Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad : Go forward, this contents,

The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide.

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,

Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,

That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more ? Mark'd you not how hir sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storme,

That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to move,

And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him from his trance :

I pray awake sir : if you love the Maide,

Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeve her. Thus it stands :

Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,

That til the Father rid his hands of her,

Master, your Love must live a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely meu'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he :
But art thou not advis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That's your device.

Luc. It is : May it be done ?

Tra. Not possible : for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them ?

Luc. *Basta*, content thee : for I have it full.
We have not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master : then it followes thus ;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted :
Keepe house, and port, and servants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : *Tranio* at once
Uncase thee : Take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede :
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting !

Be serviceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a slave, t'atchieve that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin?

Bion. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you?
Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your cloathes, or you stolne
his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to save my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is changed into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to have the next wish after, that
Lucentio indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra, not
for my sake, but your masters, I advise you use your manners
discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then
I am *Tranio*: but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,



Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighly.

Exeunt. The Presenters above speakes.

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely; Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done.

They sit and marke.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Gru. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there any
man ha's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Gru. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir, that I
should knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaves pate.

Gru. My Mr is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be?
Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares.

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend *Grumio*,
and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?
Contenti & care bene trabatto, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto molto honorato signior mio*
Petruchio.

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Grn. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his service, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him soundly sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first, then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Petr. A sencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,
 I had the rascall knocke upon your gate,
 And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grn. Knocke at the gate? O heavens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
 Why this a heavie chance twixt him and you,
 Your ancient trustie pleasant servant *Grumio*:
 And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
 Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such wind as scatters yong men through the world,
 To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
 Where small experience growes but in a few.
 Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me.

Antonio my father is deceast,
 And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
 Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:
 Crownes in my purse I have, and goods at home,
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,
 And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?



Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell :
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich : but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice : and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife :
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Love,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse :
She moves me not, or not removes at least
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua* :
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is :
why give him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an
Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head,
though she have as manie diseases as two and fiftie horses. Why
nothing comes amisse, so monie comes withall.

Hor. *Petruchio*, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough and yong and beauntious,
Brought up as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. *Hortensio* peace : thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough :
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

✓

Her. Her father is Augustus Munn,
An honest and industrious Gentleman,
Her name is Katherine Munn.
Remember it is Paine for my wedding ring.

Par. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he know my deceased father well :
I will not sleep Sorrow if I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accommodate me thither.

Grn. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A my word, and she know him as well as I do, she would think scolding would doo little good upon him. Shall may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaves, or so : Why that's nothing ; and he begin once, he'll ride in his rope tricks. He tell you what sir, and she stand him but a while, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disgrace him with it, that shee shall have no more eyes to see withall then a Cat : you know him not sir.

Her. Tarry Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptistas keepe my treasure is :
He hath the Jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Sisters to her, and rivals in my Love :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearst,
That ever Katherine will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath Baptista tane,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Til Katherine the Curst, have got a husband.

Grn. Katherine the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Her. Now shal my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoole-master
Well teene in Musicke, to instruct Bianca,



That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Gru. Heere's no knaverie. See, to beguile the olde-folkes,
how the young folkes lay their heads together. Master, master,
looke about you : Who goes there ? ha.

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the rivall of my Love,
Petruchio stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gremio. O very well, I have perus'd the note :
Hearke you sir, Ile have them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Love, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her :
You understand me. Over and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me have them verie wel perfum'd ;
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
To whom they go to : what wil you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more succesfull words
Then you ; unlesse you were a scholler sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.

Petru. Peace sirra,

Hor. *Grumio* mum : God save you signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you whither I am going ? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promist to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this yong man : For learning and behaviour

Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shal prove.

Gru. And that his bags shal prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Upon agreement from us to his liking.
Will undertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold :
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend ? What Countreyman ?

Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange :
But if you have a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shal have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat ?

Petr. Will I live ?

Gru. Wil he woo her ? I : or Ile hang her.

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares ?
Have I not in my time heard Lions rore ?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
 And heavens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battell heard
 Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
 And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
 That gives not halfe so great a blow to beare,
 As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
 Tush, tush, feare boyes with buga.

Gru. For he feares none.

Grem. *Hortensio* hearke :

This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,
 And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.

Gremio. And so we wil, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold
 Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters : ist he you meane?

Tra. Even he *Biondello*.

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what have you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

Tranio. I love no chiders sir : *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go :

Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No : if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
 For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you'll know,

That she's the choise love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all unknowne,

And were his daughter fairer then she is,

She may more sutors have, and me for one.

Faire *Ladaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,

Then well one more may faire *Bianca* have;

And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,

Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke us all.

Luc. Sir give him head, I know hee'll prove a Jade.

Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,

Did you yet ever see *Baptistas* daughter?

Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:

The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

Petr. Sir, sir, the firsts for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelve.

Petr. Sir understand you this of me (insooth)

The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,

Her father keepes from all access of sutors,

And will not promise her to any man,

Untill the elder sister first be wed.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man

Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:

And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,

Atchieve the elder: set the yonger free,

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

| *Hor.* Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceive,
And since you do professe to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoone,
And quaffe carowaes to our Mistresse health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion : fellowes let's be gon.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Patruccio, I shal be your *Been venuto.*

Exeunt.

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slave of mee,
That I disdain : but for these other goods,
Unbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bianca. Beleeve me sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lyest : Is't not *Hortensio* ?

Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal have him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil have *Gremio* to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do envie me so ?
Nay then you jest, and now I wel perceive

You have but jested with me all this while :
I prethee sister Kate, untie my hands.

Ka. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence ?
Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes :
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a divellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee ?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word ?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reveng'd.

Flies after Bianca.

Bap. What in my sight ? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kate. What will you not suffer me : Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of revenge.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus greev'd as I ?
But who comes heere.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with
Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and Bookes.*

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio* : God save you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir : pray have you not a daughter, cal'd
Katerina, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I have a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beantie, and her wit,

Her affability and bashfull modestie :
 Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaviour,
 Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
 Of that report, which I so oft have heard,
 And for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine
 Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.

His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y're welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
 But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
 She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her,
 Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
 Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,
 A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poore
 petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are mervaylous forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
 Your wooing neighbors : this is a guift
 Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
 'The like kindnesse my selfe, that have beene
 Mere kindly beholding to you then any :
 Freely give unto this yong Scholler, that hath
 Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
 In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
 As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes :
 His name is *Cambio* : pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio* :
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming ?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a sutor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous :
Nor is your firme resolve unknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That upon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters :
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes :
If you accept them, then their worth is great :

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well : you are verie welcome sir :
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner : you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And everie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,

Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowrie shall I have with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownea.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she survive me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love : for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing : for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded :
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed :
But be thou arm'd for some unhappie words.

Pet. I to the prooffe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his bead broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Musitian ?

Hor. I thinke she'l sooner prove a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutea.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me :
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a most impatient divellish spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them :
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
And twangling Jacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes ;
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
I love her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to have some chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes :
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you. *Exit. Manet Petruchio.*

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale :
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere
As morning Roses newly washt with dew :
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me packe, Ile give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke :
If she denie to wed, Ile crave the day
When I shall aske the bane, and when be married.
But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :

They call me *Katherine*, that do talke of me,

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst :
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in every Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
My selfe am moov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mov'd, in good time, let him that mov'd you hether
Remove you hence : I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable ?

Kat. A joyn'd stooke.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to beate, and so are you.

Kate. No such Jade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heavie as my waight should be.

Pet. Shold be, should : buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee ?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare his sting ?
In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue ?



Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman.

Kate. That Ile trie. *she strikes him.*

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate. So may you loose your armes,

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy booke.

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A comblesse Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so sowre.

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not sowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
 With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
 Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe ?
 Oh sland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
 Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue
 As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
 Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a Grove
 As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
 O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
 And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in my bed:
 And therefore setting all this chat aside,
 Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
 For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
 Thou must be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
 And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
 Conformable as other houshold *Kates*:
 Heere comes your father, never make deniall,
 I must, and will have *Katherine* to my wife.

Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with

us?

Pet. How but well sir? how be

It were impossible I should speed amisse.

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps?

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jacke,
That thinks with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Dove,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will prove a second *Grissell*,
And *Romane Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon sonday is the wedding day.

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first.

Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then godnight our part.

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt us twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to beleieve
How much she loves me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
She vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her love,
Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Give me thy hand *Kate*; I will unto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your hands,
God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so sodainly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch :
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

Gre. Yongling thou canst not love so deare as I.

Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil compound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my *Biancas* love.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands :
My hangings all of *tiries* tapestry
In Ivory cofers I have stufte my crownes :

In Cyprus chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke :
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping : then at my farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,
If whil'st I live she will be onely mine.

Tra. That only came well in : sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
He leave her houses three or foure as good
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her joynter.
What, have I pincht you Signior *Gremio* ?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all :
That she shall have, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade :
What, have I choakt you with an Argosie ?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelve tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more,
And she can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavill : he is olde, I young.

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old ?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd,
On sonday next, you know

My daughter *Katherine* is to be married :

Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*

Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance :

If not, to Signior *Gremio* :

And so I take my leave, and thanke you both.

Exit.

Gre. Adieu good neighbour : now I feare thee not :

Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole

To give thee all, and in his wayning age

Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy,

An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy.

Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten :

Tis in my head to doe my master good :

I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,

And that's a wonder : fathers commonly

Doe get their children : but in this case of woing,

A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning.

Exit.

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear you grow too forward Sir,
Have you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is

The patronesse of heavenly harmony:
 Then give me leave to have prerogative,
 And when in Musicke we have spent an houre,
 Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Asse that never read so farre,
 To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
 Was it not to refresh the minde of man
 After his studies, or his usuall paine?
 Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
 And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braves of thine.

Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
 I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
 Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
 But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
 And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never, tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, sonne unto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble jarres.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat simois*, I know you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic staterat*

priami, take heede he heare us not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jara.

Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,

Now for my life the knave doth court my love,

Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet :

In time I may beleeve, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*

Was *Ajax* cald so from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleve my master, else I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt,

But let it rest, now *Litio* to you :

Good master take it not unkindly pray

That I have beene thus pleasant with you both.

Hort. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile,

My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite

And watch withall, for but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learne the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of Art,

To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,

Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,

And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.

Bian. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord :

A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion :

Be eme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

C fa ut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes have I,



Ela mi, show pittie or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leave your books,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber up,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Mistresse then I have no cause to stay.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in love :
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale :
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law :
What will be said, what mockery will it be ?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage ?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours ?

Kate. No shame but mine, I must for sooth be forst
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure :
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man ;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaime the banes,

Yet never meanes to wed where he hath woo'd :
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Upon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What ever fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had never seen him though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an injurie would vexe a very saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and olde too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to hear of *Petruchio's* comming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why no sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes ?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old jerkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd ; a paire of bootes that have beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd : an olde rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse : with two broken points : his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred : besides possess with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped

with Spavins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fives, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-cheekt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with pack-thred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by *S. Jany*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home.

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:

But where is *Kate* ? where is my lovely Bride ?
How does my father ? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or unusuall prodigie ?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day :
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so unprovided :
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festivall.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike your selfe ?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficieth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is *Kate* ? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleeeve me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth even thus : therefore ha done with words,
To me she's married, not unto my cloathes :
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride ?
And seale the title with a lovely kisse.

Exit.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the event of this.

Exit.

Tra. But sir, Love concerneth us to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I have promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly :
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church ?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home ?

Gre. A bridegroome say you ? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.

Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why hee's a devill, a devill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a devill, a devill, the devils damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Dove, a foole to him :

Ile tell you sir *Lucentio* ; when the Priest

Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,

I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,

That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them up quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe ?

Gre. Trembled and shooke : for why, he stamp'd and swore,
as if the Vicar meant to cozen him : but after many ceremonies
done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene
aboard carousing to his Mates after a storme, quafft off the
Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face : having
no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and
seem'd to aske him sops as hee was drinking : This done, hee
tooke the Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a
clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho :
and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I
know the rout is comming, such a mad marriage never was be-
fore : harke, harke, I heare the minstrels play. *Musicke plays.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night ?

Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder : if you knew my business,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay :
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That have beheld me give away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife.
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gru. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you love me stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horse.

Gru. I sir, they be ready, the Oates have eaten the horses.

Kate. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,

No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,

The dore is open sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging whiles your bootes are greene.

For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groome,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,

I see a woman may be made a foole

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,

Obey the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, revell and domineere,

Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,

Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selves :

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me :

Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine owne,

Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household-stuffe, my field, my barne,
 My horse, my ox, my asse, my any thing,
 And heere she stands, touch her who ever dare,
 Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
 Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeves,
 Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
 Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
 Ile buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt P. Ka.*

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bridegroom wants
 For to supply the places at the table,
 You know there wants no junkets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
 And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters, & all foule
 waies: was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide? was ever
 man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are
 comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, &
 soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue
 to the rooffe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should
 come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall
 warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I
 will take cold: Holla, ho *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice : if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this frost : but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast : for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, & therefore fire : do thy duty, and have thy dutie, for my Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jackes faire within, the Gills faire without, the Carpets laide, and everie thing in order?

Cur. All readie : and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistris false out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale : and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listning : now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

Cur. Both of one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ?

Cur. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale : but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fel, and she under her horse : thou shouldst have heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me : how he swore, how she prai'd, that never prai'd before : how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst : how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou returne unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this ? Call forth *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugersop* and the rest : Let their heads bee slickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie ?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho ? you must meete my maister to countenance my mistris.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that ?

Gru. Thou it seemes, that cal's for company to countenance her.
Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fve servingmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Jos. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you : how now you : what you : fellow you :
and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all
readie, and all things neate ?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master ?

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this : and therefore be not——
Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves ? What no man at doore
To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse ?

Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.

You logger-headed and unpollisht groomes :

What ? no attendance ? no regard ? no dutie ?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudge,
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

Grumio. *Nathaniels* coate sir was not fully made,
And *Gabrels* pumpes were all unpinkt i'th heele :
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing :
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Ex. Ser.

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter servants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.

Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?

It was the Friar of Orders gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,

And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:

One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:

You horson villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:

Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you have a stomacke,

Will you give thanks, sweete *Kate*, or elae shall I?

What's this, Mutton?

I. Ser.

I.

Pet.

Who brought it?

Peter.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:

What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?

How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

You heedlesse jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.

What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are chollericke,
Then feede it with such over-rosted flesh :
Be patient, to morrow 't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'll fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. *Peter* didst ever see the like.

Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.

Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Servant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her,
and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes
not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new
risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully :
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never lookes upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call :
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient.
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not :



As with the meate, some undeserved fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulder,
This way the Coverlet, another way the sheets :
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her stil awake :
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor :
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.

*Exit.**Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistress *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I have said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistress, profit you in what you reade ?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolve me that ?

Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to love.

Bian. And may you prove sir Master of your Art.

Luc. While you sweet deere prove Mistressse of my heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray, you that
durst sweare that your mistress *Bianca*
Lov'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despicable Love, unconstant womankind, I tel thee
Lisio this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion ;
Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnessse of her lightnesse,
I wil with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare *Bianca*, and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kisse and court : Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her
As one unworthie all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like unfained oath,
Never to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath,
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my love, and so I take my leave,
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Lovers blessed case :
Nay, I have tane you napping gentle Love,
And have forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you jest, but have you both forsworne mee ?

Tra. Mistris we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Luio*.

Tra. I'faith hee'l have a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He says so *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole : what is there such a place ?

Tra. I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleven and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I have watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil serve the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biondello* ?

Bion. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio* ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
He make him glad to see me *Vincentio*,
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.

Par. Take me your love, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome.
Travaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then up farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray ?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua, know you not the cause?

Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke

For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis mervaille, but that you are but newly come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,

For I have bills for monie by exchange

From Florence, and must heere deliver them.

Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,

This wil I do, and this I wil advise you,

First tell me, have you ever beene at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, in Pisa have I often bin,

Pisa renowned for grave Citizena.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincenzio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:

A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,

In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremitie,

This favor wil I do you for his sake,

And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,

That you are like to Sir *Vincenzio*.

His name and credite shal you undertake,

And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,

Looke that you take upon you as you should,

You understand me sir: so shal you stay

Til you have done your businesse in the Citie:

If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir I do, and wil repute you ever

The patron of my life and libertie.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,

This by the way I let you understand,
My father is heere look'd for everie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere :
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famish me ?
Beggars that come unto my fathers doore,
Upon intreatie have a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie :
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I should intreate,
Am starv'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe :
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love :
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate,
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be holosome foode.

Gru. What say you to a Neats foote ?

Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me have it.

Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broyl'd ?

Kate. I like it well good Grumio fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard ?

Kate. A dish that I do love to feede upon.

Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal have the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.

Kate. Then both or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding alave, *Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you

That triumph thus upon my misery :

Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort ?

Hor. Mistris what cheere ?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Plucke up thy spirits, looke cheerfully upon me.
Heere Love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.
What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not :
And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.
Heere take away this dish.

Kate. I pray you let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame :
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.

Petr. Eate it up all *Hortensio*, if thou lovest mee :
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart :

Kate eate apace ; and now my honie Love,

Will we returne unto thy Fathers house,

And revell it as bravely as the best,



With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things :
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brav'ry.
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knav'ry.
What hast thou din'd ? The Tailor staies thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir ?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velvet dish : Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap :
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Kate. Ile have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may have leave to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters have indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is a paltrie cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I : come Tailor let us see't.

Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
 Whats this? a sleeve? 'tis like demi cannon,
 What, up and downe carv'd like an apple Tart?
 Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and flash and flash,
 Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
 Why what a devils name Tailor cal'st thou this?

Hor. I see shees like to have neither cap nor gowne.

Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
 According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
 I did not bid you marre it to the time.

Go hop me over every kennell home,
 For you shall hop without my custome sir:
 Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
 Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She saies your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance:

Thou lyeest, thou thred, thou thimble,
 Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
 Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
 Brav'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
 Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liv'st:
 I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gowne is made
 Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to have it cut?



Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tail. I have.

Gru. Face not mee : thou hast brav'd manie men : brave not me ; I will neither bee fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Reade it.

Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred : I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunke sleeve.

Gru. I confesse two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill ? I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up againe, and that Ile prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall have no oddea.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistria.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy masters use.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life : Take up my Mistresse gowne for thy masters use.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for :

Take up my Mistris gowne to his masters use.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid.
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no unkindnesse of his hastie words :

Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tai*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your fathers,
Even in these honest meane habiliments :
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore :
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Jay more precious then the Larke ?
Because his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good *Kate* : neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seven a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse :
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you : but sir here comes your boy,
Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him : sirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I advise you :
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke.
Here comes *Baptista* : set your countenance sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio : Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met :
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son : sir by your leave, having com to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty cause
Of love betweene your daughter and himselfe :
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him : to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care

To have him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I, upon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed :
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well :
Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have eares, and I have manie servants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie : and there this night
Weele passe the businesse privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight :
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arrived in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.

Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart.

Exit.

Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,

We come, one messe is like to be your cheere,

Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

Excunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio.*

Luc. What saist thou *Biondello*.

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh upon you ?

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that ?

Biond. Faith nothing : but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus : *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him ?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Bio. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance : take you assurance of her. *Cum privilegio ad Impremendum solem*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses :

If this be not that you looke for, I have no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*.

Biond. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an after-noone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to stuffe a Rabit, and so may you sir : and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed

me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Priest be readie to come
against you come with your appendix. *Exit.*

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented :
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt :
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her :
It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers :
Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne : it is not Moonelight now.

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house :
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall never goe.

Kate. Forward I pray, since we have come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.

Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay then you lye : it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not,
And the Moone changes even as your minde :
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.

Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should run,
And not unluckily against the Bias :
But soft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away :
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman :
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes :
What stars do spangle heaven with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?
Faire lovely Maide, once more good day to thee :
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hori. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade ?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe,
Happier the man whom favourable stars
A lots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
That have bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That every thing I looke on seemeth greene :
Now I perceive thou art a reverent Father
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
Which way thou travellest, if along with us,
We shall be joyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me :
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I have not seene.

Petr. What is his name ?

Vinc. *Lucentio* gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne :
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,

I may intitle thee my loving Father,
 The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
 Thy Sonne by this hath married : wonder not,
 Nor be not grieved, she is of good esteeme,
 Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth,
 Beside, so qualified, as may besecme
 The Spouse of any noble Gentleman :
 Let me imbrace with old *Vincenio*,
 And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
 Who will of thy arrivall be full joyous.

Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
 Like pleasant travailors to breake a Jest
 Upon the companie you overtake ?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

Exeunt.

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart ;
 Have to my Widdow, and if she be froward,
 Then hast thou taught *Hortentio* to be untoward.

Exit.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I fie *Biondello* ; but they may chance to neede thee at
 home, therefore leave us.

Exit.

Biond. Nay faith. Ile see the Church a your backe, and then
 come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

Gre. I marvaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
 My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
 Thither must I, and here I leave you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
 I thinke I shall command your welcome here ;
 And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

Knock.

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee shall neede none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloved in *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleewe her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knaverie to take upon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleewe a meanes to cosen some bodie in this Citie under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I have seene them in the Church together, God send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now wee are undone and brough to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou never see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Ist so indeede.

He beates Biondello.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this controversie.

Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my servant?

Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am undone, I am undone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my servant spend all at the universitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*: oh he hath muredred his Master; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knave to the Jaile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Jaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talke not signor *Gremio* : I saie he shall goe to prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be coni-catcht in this businesse : I dare sweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Jaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd : oh monstrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Kneele.

Vin. Lives my sweete sonne ?

Bion. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio* ?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.

Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braved me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio* ?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Biancas* love
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my blisse :
What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to ;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would have sent me to the Jaile.

Bap. But doe you beare sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reveng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knaverie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown.

Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra, let's awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will give thee a kisse, now praie thee Love staie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.
Better once then never, for never to late.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and Widdow: The Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils overblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy loving *Widdow*:

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
 My Banket is to close our stomakes up
 After our great good cheere : praie you sit downe,
 For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio*.

Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be affeard, .

Petr. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my sence :
 I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.

Petr. Roundlie replied.

Kat. Mistris, how meane you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Petr. Conceives by me, how like *Hortentio* that ?

Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceives her tale.

Petr. Verie well mended : kisse him for that good Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
 I praie you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you.

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. To her *Kate*.

Hor. To her *Widdow*.

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an Officer : ha to the lad.

Drinckes to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes ?

Gre. Beleeve me sir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun :
Have at you for a better jest or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath prevented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe :
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse :
And as the Jest did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petr. Well, I say no : and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hort. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twentie crownea.

Petr. Twentie crownea.

Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.

Bio. I goe.

Exit.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. Ile have no halves : Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word

That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit Bion.

Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes come.

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She saies you have some goodly Jest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:

Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,

Say I command her to come to me.

Exit.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie :

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio* :

The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Unto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never bin.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion :

Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it underfoote.

Wid. Lord let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too :
The wisdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong women,
what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you'r mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, unknit that thretaning unkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soveraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And gracelesse Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Unapt to toyle and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee *Kate*.

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.

Tim. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate* wee'le to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

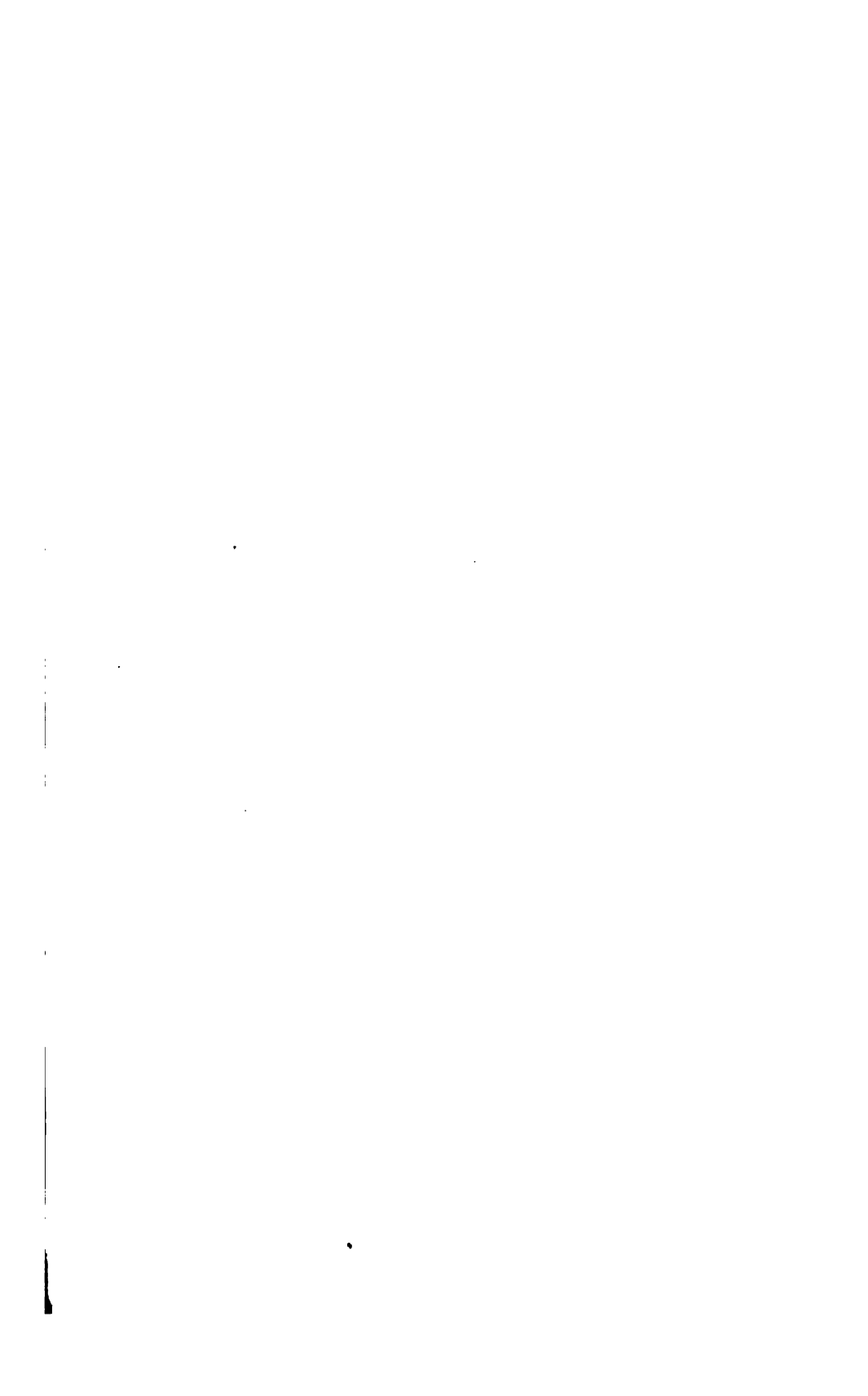
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,

And being a winner, God give you good night. *Exit Petruchio.*

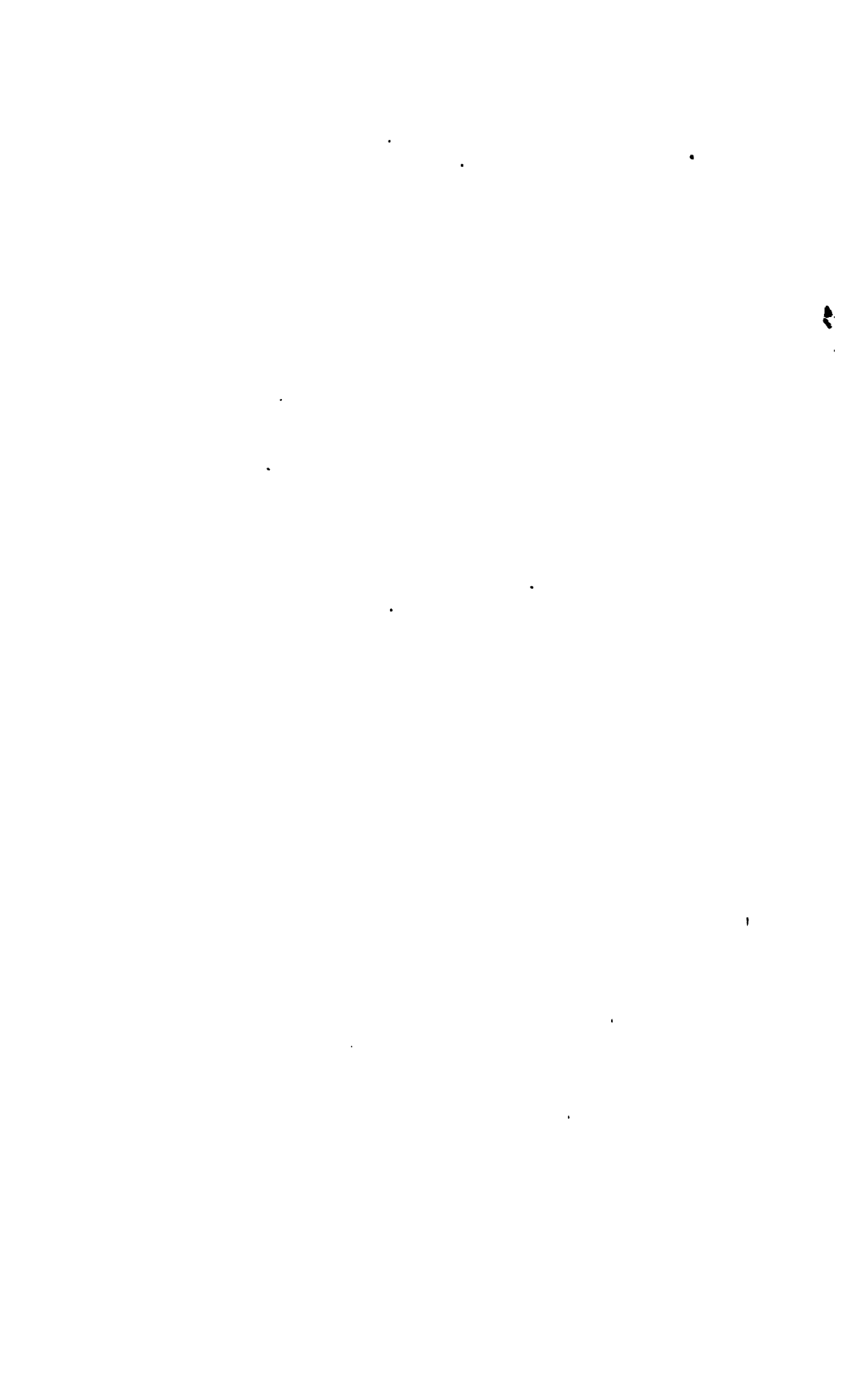
Hort. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.



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